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PHILIP

OF

MACEDON.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *D. LEWIS.*

Cùm omnis perturbatio miseria est, tum carnificina est ægritudo; habet ardorem libido, levitatem lætitia gestiens, humilitatem metus: sed ægritudo majora quædam, tabem, cruciatum, afflictationem, fæditatem; lacerat, exest animum, planeque conficit. Cic. Tuscul. Quæst.

LONDON:

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PHILIP

OF

MACEDON.

A

TRAGEDY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mr. *POPE.*

SIR,

I THINK nothing can be ſaid here with more Juſtice and Propriety, than that I am oblig'd to your candid Mention of this Tragedy after you had done it the Honour of your Peruſal, that

DEDICATION.

I have not in vain endeavour'd to push it into the Theatre, and consequently that I have this Occasion of making it publick. Permit me then to use the same Occasion to pay You my Acknowledgment; nor let me be deem'd the less sincere, because it is impossible for me to express my Gratitude to Mr. *Pope*, in such a Manner and on such an Account, without at the same Time doing a manifest Service to my own Reputation.

It would be to no Purpose to insinuate, that a Performance like this could be approv'd of in all its Parts by your dis-

diſcerning and conſummate Judgment; You thought not amiſs of the moſt eſſential one, the Conduct of it; and I had there my ample Praiſe. 'Tis admitted it has many Failures and Errors, but if the Subject be not ill conducted, I am ſure, whatever I may deſerve in the Senſe of many of our Criticks, I have in *Ariſtotle*'s and in Yours ſome Pretence at leaſt to be forgiven.

I ſhould be ſorry, Sir, if by owning Your Favour to me in this Way, I ſhould be a Means of drawing on You the diſagreeable Toil, of reading over any more ſuch languid and imperfect

Pieces as mine; though You are known always to view not only with Cheerfulneſs, but Affection, whatever You find to be wrote with Juſtneſs and Spirit. Nor is it the only Character You enjoy in Common with the great *Virgil* (if what ſome have related of Him be true) that You can be as exquiſitely pleas'd with all the Noble and Happy Productions of other Hands, as if you beheld them the proper Labours of your own.

I perſuade my ſelf you will give me Your Pardon for obtruding on You this Addreſs, becauſe I earneſtly intreat it. My Thanks were due to You;

and

and 'twas, I reckon'd, no little Honour, to acknowledge a particular Obligation to Him whom All the World, with so much Reason, must confess their Benefactor.

I am, with great Respect,

SIR,

Your most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

David Lewis.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *RYAN.*

TAught by the Muſe the various Courſe to ſteer,
We change our Age and Clime for ever here;
In one ſhort Life o'er mighty Periods roll,
And range on this ſmall Spot from Pole to Pole;
Here Lands exiſt howe'er remote they lye,
And old Events ſalute the modern Eye.
Far back, 'midſt hoary Annals, ſtands the Date
When Macedon *deplor'd her* Philip's *Fate;*
Thoſe Ills which ſhook the Royal Man's Repoſe,
His Foreign Dangers and Domeſtick Woes.
Now riſes that fam'd Region here to Sight,
And that great Seaſon is our Hour to-night.
But all in vain our airy Realms we tread,
In vain we rouſe the viſionary Dead,
If You deny Imagination Wings,
Nor join to realize theſe Shades of Things;
As Truth if You regard not each Diſguiſe,
And ſurely thus to be deceiv'd —— is Wiſe.
Both gain our Ends, while Both promote our Cauſe,
A generous Pleaſure You, and we Applauſe.
Fiction and Reaſon here ſhould know no Strife,
Within theſe Walls 'tis all Dramatic Life,
A kind of Dream, a Slumber that we take;
But ſuch as ſhould inſtruct us when we wake.

Well

PROLOGUE.

Well first contriv'd th' inventive Muſe to ſet
In never-ending View the wretched Great,
Contriv'd to make each dread Example laſt,
And warn'd ſucceeding Ages by the paſt:
She form'd the Stage, and fix'd th' eternal Art
To guide the Paſſions, and to mould the Heart.
And O attend; if mighty Suff'ring awe,
If Humen Error Human Pity draw,
Theſe Scenes may move, in deepeſt Sorrow laid;
And may You own Attention juſtly paid.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Philip, King of *Macedon*.	Mr. *Hulett*.
Perſes, } Sons of *Philip*.	Mr. *Walker*
Demetrius, }	Mr. *Ryan*.
Antigonus, a Prince of the Blood.	Mr. *Milward*.
Lyſimachus, } Two old Counſellors.	Mr. *Ogden*.
Onomaſtus, }	Mr. *Horton*.
Didas, Captain of the Guards, and Conſpirator with *Perſes*.	Mr. *Quin*.
Herodorus, Friend to *Demetrius*.	Mr. *Lacy*.
Philocles, another Conſpirator with *Perſes*.	Mr. *Berriman*.
Xychus.	Mr. *Morgan*.

Guards, Officers, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Olympias, Daughter to *Philip*.	Mrs. *Younger*.
Iſteria, a *Gauliſh* Princeſs.	Mrs. *Berriman*.

SCENE, *the Royal Palace in the Metropolis of* Macedon.

PHI-

PHILIP *of* MACEDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lysimachus, Onomastus.

LYSIMACHUS.

AN honest Man with pious Joy regards
And blesses all Occurrences, that bear
The pleasing Aspect of his Country's Welfare;
Such at our Festival of Yesterday,
Such, *Onomastus*, was your Friend's Rejoycing:
When at the Head of many Thousand Youths,
Brave gallant Youths, the Troops of *Macedon*,
The King himself and both the Princes march'd
In solemn State to celebrate the Day.
Fix'd on my Soul th' enlivening Image dwells,
And makes me feel that *Macedon* has yet
Her untry'd Force, her hidden Source of Glory.

Onom. Too much, *Lysimachus*, our Case demands
Each kindly Aid to raise our falling Spirits;
The States around us, which we lately saw
Depend on *Macedon*, and court her Friendship,
All now submit to *Rome*, and spurn ungrateful
Against their former Mistress: scarce we hold

Th' original Limits of this ancient Realm;
And *Philip* ſeems to wear his Diadem
But by the Grace of *Rome*.
Lyſ. Away, ſhake off
That heavy Gloom, that inauſpicious Sadneſs.
This terrible wide-conqu'ring *Rome* and we
Are hitherto at Peace —— Thanks to *Demetrius!*
Late when, from many-headed *Greece* diſpatch'd,
Legates on Legates irritated *Rome*
To break her Amity with *Macedon*,
And pour anew her barb'rous Legions on us;
Alone the Youth, the blooming Youth oppos'd
This Army of Ambaſſadors, alone
Struck dumb the ſage old Orators, and charm'd
The ſtubborn Senate ——
And *Macedon* and *Rome* now but contend
Which ſhall admire him moſt.
Onom. But then, my Friend,
The haughty *Romans*, while they ſtoop'd to pay
This Rev'rence to the Merits of the Prince,
Trod on the ſacred Honour of our King;
Him they, Imperious, bid to thank his Son
That they vouchſaf'd him Friendſhip, and reſtrain'd
Their meditated Vengeance. His great Heart
Ill reliſhes th' imbitter'd Favour.
Lyſ. Yes;
No doubt our Monarch's mighty Soul receives
With juſt Diſdain the ſupercilious Grace;
He knows th' Ambition of the proud Republick,
Her Thirſt of Empire, and her Hate of Kings.
Onom. Thoſe Thoughts tumultuous ever war within
And all his Looks ſuſtain the Tracks of Care: [him,
And O! how diff'rent now is *Philip* ſeen
From Him whom various *Greece* once ſtyl'd her Lord!
Lyſ. But, to diſpell theſe gloomy Thoughts, reflect
How great the Pomp which Yeſter-Sun beheld,
When (the Proceſſion o'er) our ſever'd Troops
In ſhow of Battel met, as Foes with Foes,

Conducted

Conducted by great *Philip*'s Royal Sons;
On this ſide *Perſes*, and on that *Demetrius*.
Think with what Port, what Dignity, the Heroes
Each to the Onſet led! What conſcious Brav'ry
Shone thro' the Ranks, and glow'd in ev'ry Face!
'Till the keen Warriors drooping ſeem'd to mourn
The bloodleſs Battel, and the abſent Foe. [Soul
Onom. That Mock-Engagement call'd up in my
This dread Reflection; What if theſe good Brothers
Shou'd e'er in earneſt 'gainſt each other arm?
Lyſ. That were a Day indeed replete with Sorrow!
But whence ſhould we derive ſuch monſtrous Ruin?
Perſes, as Heir, will ſometime wear a Crown;
Demetrius merits one, and meriting
Will ne'er attempt to gain it by Diſhonour.
Onom. One Gleam of Hope, 'midſt all the low'ring Proſpect
Our menac'd Country views, my Heart confeſſes.
When from the Field the Princes were withdrawn,
Each to regale his Friends with chearful Banquet,
And you and I were with the King retir'd;
He told us, you remember, of th'Alliance
Lately concluded with the warlike *Gauls*;
And that the beauteous Siſter of their Prince,
The fam'd *Iſteria*, is deſign'd the Bride
Of *Macedonia*'s Heir, ſhe whoſe bright Preſence
Already chears our Court——ſuch Amity,
And ſo confirm'd, encounters my Deſpair.
But ſee the Prince, ſee *Perſes* is approaching.

SCENE II.

Lyſimachus, Onomaſtus, Perſes.

Perſ The King, this Morn, has ſignified his Pleaſure
He'll not be interrupted; and perhaps [ſure
Turns in his early Thoughts thoſe great Affairs
He had in Conſultation laſt with You,

His old and faithful Friends.

Lyſ. Our Royal Maſter
With gracious Confidence our Duty honours,
And ſometimes deigns to uſe the humble Knowledge
Our long Experience and his Service taught us;
In Hours of Privacy, no doubt, he weighs
His mighty Cares, and plans his People's Welfare,
Cares, noble Prince, which one Day will be yours.

Perſ. That's too uncertain yet to be pronounc'd:
But what's your Judgment? May we then rely
On *Rome*'s good Faith? and has th' admir'd *Demetrius*
Secur'd for *Macedon* her final Safety?

Onom. Your glorious Brother has indeed ſecur'd us
Such laſting Peace from *Rome*, as *Rome* can grant;
But how precarious muſt be thoſe Men's Faith
Whoſe Purpoſe is the Empire of the World!

Lyſ. And ev'n that Empire wou'd be much too narrow
For a whole Commonwealth of Kings to ſway.

Perſ. On all Occaſions this to *Philip* urge,
Urge to him *Rome*'s Ambition and Deſigns,
Her Violences, Uſurpations, Frauds,
Inſults on Crowns, and thoſe Indignities
He felt from her himſelf; and rouſe up all
His Anger, Jealouſy, Revenge and Hate;
Make *Rome* and *Rome*'s Admirers his Abhorrence.
All this our Safety asks; for ſhould the King
Be lull'd with treach'rous Tales of *Roman* Virtues,
From ſome who always celebrate (Good Men!)
Their Country's Foes, I ſay, ſhou'd he be lull'd
Into Security, we fall unguarded.

Onom. Prince, your Commands are juſt, as they are ſacred,
And doubly claim Obedience.

Perſ. You'll remember. [*Ex.* Lyſim. *and* Onom.

Perſes *ſolus.*

I'd have him ſtung with Hate of *Rome* to Madneſs,
That ev'ry Thought how ſhe regards my Brother
May fix his Jealouſy, and fire his Rage.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Didas.

Perſes, Didas.

Perſ. *Didas*, thou bring'ſt Impatience in thy Looks,
Thou glow'ſt, my Friend, with Ardor to be taught
How thrives th' Intrigue of this deciſive Morn.
Did. I'm all on Fire, my Prince, to know; O ſay
How has the King your Accuſation heard?
Could you perſuade him that *Demetrius* ruſh'd
Laſt Night impetuous on your Houſe of Banquet,
Bent on his unoffending Brother's Murther?
O ſwells he not, my Prince, with wiſh'd-for Vengeance?
Perſ. Thy Warmth, my Friend, declares thee all engag'd
In my Deſigns, and merits theſe Embraces.
Our Plot, it ſtands unexecuted yet;
For, all-collected in himſelf, the King
Is lab'ring in his Thoughts ſome arduous Cares,
Th' inherent Cares of Empire, and has order'd
That none ſhall on his Privacy intrude.
Did. But, ſay, you pour your ſelf into his Preſence,
Breathleſs, agaſt, and all confus'd with Horror;
Would that not gild and ſharpen your Impeachment,
Deceive his Eyes, and faſten on his Heart?
Perſ. Time lends a vaſt Propriety to Actions.
Laſt Night that Conduct wou'd have look'd like Nature;
Then to have fled as from my Brother's Treaſon,
And ſought for Refuge at my Father's Feet,
While yet the well-diſſembled, recent Dread
Glar'd in my Eyes and trembled in my Veins,
Had been a prudent, ſeaſonable Fraud.
To-day's Deceit muſt wear a diff'rent Aſpect;
For here has interven'd a whole Night's Space
'Twixt the pretended Fact and its Diſcovery,

And all that Hurricane of Soul's becalm'd.
Slow and reluctant now I ſhould be ſeen,
And, all-ſuffus'd with Melancholly, ſcarce
Permit the Secret to be wreſted from me.
This is the Guiſe of Honeſty —— O *Didas*,
How monſtrous 'tis when Princes act Impoſture,
And deal in Plots, which they were born to ſhun!
But then, can I, the Heir of *Macedon*,
Her rightful Heir, behold my younger Brother
Reign in all Hearts, and in my Honours ſhine?
I'm ſeen no more where-ever he appears,
No more than Stars are with the Noon-day Sun.
Did. The Right all yours, and all the Glory his!
'Tis ſtark Confuſion; O aſſert your Due,
Hurl from his Height th' Intruder.
Perſ. Yes, he falls;
If ought induſtrious Envy can contrive
To ſate its Rage, if ought my total Hate
Can do, the innocent Offender falls.
But how ſhall I reward thy Faith and Service?
Say, for thy firm Adherence to my Cauſe,
Say what can I beſtow? raiſe high thy Wiſh
High as thy Merit bids.
Did. Too high I've rais'd
My Wiſh; and what I wiſh for dare not ask.
Perſ. Not ask! all but the Crown and fair *Iſteria*,
My deſtin'd Bride, unask'd, my *Didas*, take.
Did. O generous Prince! Except you not *Olympias*?
Perſ. Not Her; the bright *Olympias* ſhall be thine.
Thou'rt my acknowledg'd Brother; Thee alone
Would I have live, that bears me that Relation.
Did. I'm overwhelm'd with Joy, I'm all Diſtraction;
O let me inſtant throw down all Reſiſtance,
That my lov'd Prince may ſmoothly be convey'd
To *Alexander*'s high Imperial Throne.
Olympias mine! tranſporting heav'nly Prize!
Perſ. Let then that Prize engage you ſtrictly to me,
For ever fix you, and inſure your Heart:

I've

I've ſometimes had my Fears, I own, and thought
'Twas ill to truſt an uncondition'd Friendſhip;
I fear'd not you, but was afraid of Nature,
Unſtable Nature, and had *Didas* ask'd
A meaner Boon, I might have ſtill had Fears.
But now I'm ſure I hold you by the Soul:
Olympias is a Kingdom! and that Kingdom
Yours, 'ſoon as that of *Macedon* is mine.
One common Intereſt now demands our Care,
And one good Fortune gives us both our Joys.

Did. I have no Care, no Will, no Thought but yours.

Perſ. The King, well-prediſpos'd with Jealouſy,
Will ſurely, further fir'd by my Complaint,
Give inſtant Orders to ſecure *Demetrius*;
And once ſecur'd, he muſt be free no more.
Didas, the Guards are under your Command,
Hold them in Readineſs, and if the King
But hints your Orders, ſpring to Execution.
But hark —— what mean thoſe Shouts?

[*Shouting without.*

Did. That joyous Voice of the obſequious Crouds
Proclaims th' Approach of their ador'd *Demetrius*.

Perſ. 'Tis ſo; He ever moves on Wings of Praiſe,
And Acclamation is the Air he breathes:
Now, *Didas*, ſooth that credulous Innocence
Which bears him unforewarn'd into our Toils.

[*Ex.* Perſes.

Didas *ſolus:*

Olympias is a Kingdom! —— Yes, he envious
Will give her me, tho' merely to debaſe her;
She and *Demetrius* being than Him more noble
By Mother, Theirs a Princeſs, His a Slave.
Let him his guiltleſs Brother's Fate accompliſh,
And, which he meditates, his Father's too.
Then ſoon the hated *Perſes* falls —— and *Didas*,
The low-born *Didas* mounts th' Imperial Throne,
And bright *Olympias* is the promis'd Kingdom.

SCENE IV.

Didas, Demetrius, Herodorus.

Dem. I wiſh, my *Herodorus*, from my Soul,
It once were to the People ſignify'd
I their Good-will with juſt Regard accept;
But Homages like theſe, theſe high Devotions,
They to the King and Kingdom's Heir belong,
And are not due to me —— but *Didas* here?
I ſaw you not, my Friend — I was diſclaiming
The miſplac'd Honours of the Populace.

Did. The duteous People, Prince, burſt out in Praiſes
From th' Overflowings of their grateful Hearts:
Can they be ſnatch'd from Rapine, Slav'ry, Death,
From War and all its Horrors; and unmov'd
Behold their dear Deliverer paſs by?

Dem. I late before *Rome*'s awful Senate urg'd
With good Succeſs the Int'reſt of my Country,
Engag'd the angry Fathers to lay by
Th' uplifted Bolt of War — for that my King
Had ſent me thither his Ambaſſador;
I did my Duty then — ſo faithful *Didas*,
So honeſt *Herodorus* wou'd have done.

Did. Declar'd not *Rome*, in her aſſembled Senate,
She favour'd *Philip* for *Demetrius*' ſake?
No; not thro' all th' Extent of *Macedon*,
Could e'er the anxious King one Man have found
Who had perform'd th' ineſtimable Service,
Except *Demetrius*.

Dem. Tell the People That,
Tell 'em their prudent Monarch ſent to *Rome*
The only Man that could have fix'd their Peace:
Yes; I muſt own it, for my Father's ſake. [ſign'd;

Her. With ſo much Merit, Prince, you're too re-
Are Stateſmen's Labours, Labours not their own?
Are all their Acts and Services the King's?

Dem.

Dem. The King aloft ſits Guardian of his People,
Deſcries their Wants, and expedites their Succours;
Or Peace, or Wealth, or Juſtice, or Protection,
Or what-e'er other Bleſſings to the State
Thro' ſev'ral Miniſtrations are convey'd,
They're all the watchful Guardian's, all the King's.
But can you tell me, *Didas*, why my Brother
Laſt Night refus'd me Entrance at his Banquet?

Did. What could it be, my Prince, but o'er-nice Fear
Leſt Tumults 'twixt your Parties might have roſe,
When the capacious Bowls had frequent gone
Their buſy Rounds, and ſhed their juicy Fires?

Dem. I own my Brother's cooler, wiſer Thought,
He from more Years more Wiſdom has deriv'd;
Give me, ye Gods, the heav'nly Gift to ſhare,
And grow in Wiſdom, as I grow in Life!

Did. Already have you, Prince, out-gone your Years,
And Nations at your Wiſdom ſtand amaz'd;
Your Royal Father's moſt extended Hopes
All ſhort of your immenſe Perfections fall;
Your Brother yields — but, Prince, I ſee you frown,
And thus permit me from your View to bear
The Raptures you inſpire, and diſapprove.

[*Exit* Didas.

Her. O my lov'd Prince, I cannot like this *Didas*,
His are the Homages which I diſtruſt:
Yon undeſigning Croud wears no Diſguiſe,
But this Man's artful Words too ſmoothly flow
To ſpring from that plain Thing, an honeſt Heart.

Dem. I have not known him uſe this Strain 'till now,
But do believe, tho' rais'd with too much Fervor,
'Tis ſtill the Language of a Heart ſincere.
His Reaſon for my Brother's late Behaviour
Gave me much Pleaſure, for I fear'd his Anger.

Her. And ſtill I fear it: for when Yeſterday,
The Parties in our repreſented Fight,
With ſomewhat more than ſhadowy Blows engag'd,
And his gave way to yours, I ſaw his Soul

Look grim, and all malicious, at his Eyes.
Not when of late I follow'd you at *Rome*
Or to the *Capitol*, or Field of *Mars*,
'Midſt gather'd Nations, curious to behold
The much-fam'd Royal *Macedonian* paſs,
Not then my Heart beat anxious for your Safety;
But Here, at Home, it owns ſome conſcious Dread
For the dear Life, I love beyond my own.

Dem. My *Herodorus*, thy well-known Affection
The laſt Receſſes of my Soul confeſs:
But whence thy Fear? whence ſhou'd my Danger riſe?
I ſtand not 'twixt my Brother and the Throne;
Nay, with my utmoſt Service I contribute
To ſave the State, which he is born to rule.

Her. And from that Service may proceed his Hate;
But ſee the Northern Princeſs and *Olympias*,
I'll at your own Apartment wait you. [*Exit* Her.

SCENE V.

Demetrius, *Iſteria*, *Olympias*.

Dem. Princeſs!
If ought our oft-repeated Vows avail,
You have in *Macedonia* wonted Health,
And ſhare the Happineſs your ſelf have brought.

Iſt. I meet in your lov'd Siſter, in *Olympias*,
More Happineſs than all our North cou'd lend;
The ſacred Friendſhip we have ſworn permits me
To ſhare the Graces of her nobler Mind.

Olym. My beſt Regards a future Siſter claims;
You're come to bleſs me with a kindred Boſom,
In which my Soul may range, as in my own.

Dem. Each one, when you arriv'd, confeſs'd a Joy,
Exceeded only in your Lover's Breaſt,
That of our happy Brother, born for Empire,
And a much better Deſtiny — for You.

Iſt. You

Ist. Your Brother *Perſes* Yeſterday, methought,
Look'd ſtern and angry as he led to Battel,
Shot Threats in ev'ry Glance. But what d'ye call
Your Heroe that ſubdu'd the *Perſian* Monarch,
And to the Captive Ladies was ſo kind?
I thought You look'd like him.

Dem. My Brother rather,
Look'd like that Chief, the conqu'ring *Alexander.*

Ist. Your far-fam'd *Alexander*; was he then
A little Man like *Perſes?*

Dem. Yes, he was;
That mighty Lord of all the Vaſſal World,
The greateſt of Mankind, was ſmall of Stature.

Ist. If your fam'd *Alexander* was like *Perſes,*
He ſurely had no Brother like *Demetrius,*
Or he'd have ſhar'd at leaſt his mighty Glory.
Fame now, young Prince, proclaims no Name but yours,
No meaner Praiſe her ſwelling Trumpet ſounds;
Amidſt our *Gauls* in far *Sarmatia*'s Foreſts,
The Virgin Huntreſs often quits her Bow,
And, reſpiting awhile the panting Prey,
Inſtructs the Ecchoes to reſound *Demetrius.*
Her Song is of the charming Royal Youth,
Who by his Mien and Eloquence diſarm'd
The formidable Foes, that furious breath'd
Deſtruction to his Father, and his Country.
Your pleaſing Sway o'er ev'ry Heart is ſpread;
Shall *Perſes* then to *Philip*'s Throne ſucceed,
And Right of Birth precede the Right of Merit?

Dem. Prior to him I can have no Pretenſions,
Or by Religion, Juſtice, or the Laws;
And Merit ſhou'd not give what they deny.
Let no ſuch Thought, fair Princeſs, I intreat You,
Bar your intended Nuptials with my Brother;
He'll one Day ſeat You on th' Imperial Throne.
For Me, an honeſt Fame on Virtue built
Is what I wou'd not loſe to gain a Kingdom:

'Tis

'Tis greater far t'obey with Innocence,
Than to command with Guilt.

[*Exit* Demetrius.

Iſt. O Man divine!
That *Rome* was charm'd with thee I wonder not,
Where-ever there is Nature thou muſt charm;
I'd rather ſhare with thee thy honeſt Fame,
Than be without thee Empreſs of the World:
And 'tis in vain a Kingdom woo's for *Perſes*.
Thus in one Rapture, I, my dear *Olympias*,
Tell You my Heart, and give it to *Demetrius*.
But how miſtook the charming Youth my Meaning,
And for Complaint receiv'd the Voice of Love?

Olym. He cou'd not ſee the Love, by Virtue dazled,
The beauteous Miſtreſs of his Brother bore him.

Iſt. And ſeems it then a Crime to my *Olympias*,
That ſhe whom *Perſes* woo's, prefers *Demetrius?*
The Prince my Brother, to this Court hath ſent me,
With his Conſent, to wed the Heir of *Philip*;
But, nor by him conſtrain'd, nor by my ſelf
In Promiſe bound, I ſtill enjoy my Freedom;
And that dear Freedom points me out *Demetrius*.

Olym. I blame you not, dear Princeſs; but th' Al-
On your rejecting *Perſes*, may be broke. [liance,

Iſt. Think not I'll be the proſtituted Purchaſe
Of mercenary Leagues, or ſold in Marriage;
I claim my Northern Freedom, and will give
My Hand and Heart, as Love and Honour dictate,
Nor own th' unhallow'd Nuptials of the South.

Olym. O happy Freedom! But I dread, to think
I one Day may be born ſome Prince's Captive,
If Policy requires, to Foreign Lands;
And forc'd, alas! at once to bid a long,
A laſt Farewel to all my Hopes of Bliſs.

Iſt. And lives in *Macedon*, my dear *Olympias*,
The happy Object of your tender Care?
O ſay what charming Man, ſay what *Demetrius*

Enjoys your Heart, from whoſe ſuperior Glories
You dread to be degraded to a Crown?
Olym. There lives in *Macedon*, of Royal Blood
A Prince, with ev'ry winning Grace adorn'd,
Wiſe, lovely, good; and what *Demetrius* is
To you, is dear *Antigonus* to me.
Our Love is mutual, but as yet our Fate
Permits him not to ask me of the King.
Mean-while, leſt any great and pow'ful Monarch
Should claim my Hand the Pledge of an Alliance,
Much fears *Antigonus*, *Olympias* more.
Iſt. O let me gratulate the dear *Olympias*,
Secure of mutual Love, whate'er ſhe fears:
But 'tis my Pain to think my much-lov'd Youth,
Too rigid, will the hapleſs Virgin fly,
That was but once intended for his Brother.
Olym. Let's bear from all Intruſion's Reach theſe Secrets,
And, more retir'd, call every Hope to aid us.
Iſt. Yes, more retir'd, we'll ſooth each other's Love,
And loſe in pleaſing Hopes our anxious Fears;
Thoſe Ills, howe'er they threaten, ſtill may vaniſh,
And on our Wiſhes happier Fortune ſhine.
So oft when gath'ring Vapours gloomy riſe,
And wrap in Sable Clouds our Northern Skies;
The Swain benighted dreads th' impending Rain,
And ſighs and ſhudders on the naked Plain:
But thro' the Air a friendly Gale ſhall play,
Bear all thoſe Vapours on its Wings away,
And to the reſcu'd Swain reſtore the Day.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philip, *attended by* Lyſimachus *and* Onomaſtus.

Phil. YOUR Zeal, my Friends, I thankfully accept,
And wiſh each Mention of that curſt Re-
Grated on every *Macedonian* Ear, [publick
And wrung each Heart, like mine — O *Hannibal!*
Thou haſt bequeath'd to me thy Hate of *Rome.*
Had ſhe, which then was but a Beggar State,
Nor worthy to have fall'n by ſuch a Hand,
Had ſhe in my great Predeceſſor's Days,
In *Alexander's*, thus aſſum'd Dominion,
Sent o'er th' *Ionian* Sea her ſaucy Conſuls,
And dar'd to ſully with her foul Encroachments
The Dignity of *Macedonia's* Empire;
He then had Weſtward turn'd his dreadful Arms,
And ſpar'd the harmleſs *Ganges*, to chaſtiſe
Th' aſpiring Shepherds on the Banks of *Tyber.*
Lyſ. And *Alexander's* mighty Soul is *Philip's.*
Phil. But *Alexander's* mighty Fortune *Rome's.*

Enter Perſes.

Howe'er, I am reſolv'd ſo to ſecure
The Coaſts of *Macedon*, that to the Skies
Alone ſhe ſhall be open for Deſcents;
And lead, old as I am, my 'embattell'd Squadrons
Into the Bowels of the *Roman* State.
In *Italy* is *Rome* to be ſubdu'd:
That was the glorious *Carthaginian's* Maxim.

And,

And, *Perſes*, when the Gods demand my Life,
His Maxim and his Hate of *Rome* be yours.
Perſ. I fear they'll never to your Heir deſcend;
My Heart indeed is *Macedonian* all,
And all abhorrent, like your own, of *Rome*:
But I ſhall hardly live.
Phil. Not live, my *Perſes!*
Sits not the Crown of Youth freſh on your Brow?
You've Health; and whence your Diffidence of Life?
Perſ. True, I have Health — but I beſeech you,
Let not Affairs of Conſequence give way [Sir,
To any Thoughts of me — I joy to hear
You're bravely fix'd on carrying Home to *Rome*
The War you fear'd from her in *Macedon*.
Phil. But tell me whence your Melancholy, *Perſes*,
That Sadneſs which your Looks and Voice betray?
Perſ. Be't all my own; Require me not to tell,
Nor let my Obedience diſcompoſe my Father. [draw
Phil. I charge you then to tell — My Friends, with-
[*Exeunt* Lyſimachus *and* Onomaſtus.
Perſ. Father, we've long ſuſpected, long deplor'd
(And ſtill with Eyes o'erflowing I deplore)
My Brother's ſecret Aims, and *Roman* Heart.
But now he dares diſplay his horrid Purpoſe,
And ſet the latent Parricide to View;
For when he thought me, at our laſt Night's Banquet,
Reſign'd to Mirth and Wine, and all ſecure,
He on my Houſe ruſh'd furious with his Gueſts;
And had not I, by timely Notice warn'd,
Made ſure my Gates, I'd fall'n his Sacrifice.
And where his Fury would have then proceeded,
I tremble to imagine
Phil. Hold! No more;
I'll hear your Accuſation to his Face.
Perſ. I meant not to accuſe him, but you wreſted
Th' unwilling Secret from my paſſive Mind.
I was determin'd to have huſh'd my Terrors;
And ſtill, O let me hope returning Nature

May

May touch his Soul, and humanize his Heart.

Phil. Who waits?

Enter Officer.

Acquaint *Demetrius*, 'tis my Pleaſure
He inſtant at my Audience-Room attend me.

[*Exit Officer.*

Perſes, the ſame is my Command to you.

[*Exit* Philip.

Perſes *ſolus.*

It muſt be done, or I am ſelf-condemn'd ——
'Tis Ruin to retract —— I muſt avow it,
To Shame and Conſcience deaf —— I thought him ripe
For ſuch an Information —— but I find
Tow'rds his once-darling Son he's melting ſtill,
He's not yet ſteel'd enough ——

SCENE II.

Perſes, Didas.

Did. Prince, I'm commanded with the Guards to wait
Before the Audience-Room; your grand Affair,
Say, whither is it brought?

Perſ. Whither! O *Didas!*
I muſt accuſe the Guiltleſs to his Face;
I hop'd another Iſſue, but as Chance
Or Fortune guides me to his Fate, I follow.

Did. Right; void of Fear your whole Aſſertion
And thunder in the jealous Monarch's Ears [urge,
Ambition, Popularity, and *Rome*;
Work on his Paſſions, and his Judgment's yours.

Perſ. 'Tis but with Boldneſs to aſſert in Publick
What I had fram'd in Private to have ſpoke;
And haply with my predigeſted Speech,

Joyn'd

Joyn'd with an Air aſſur'd, I may confound
Our more than human Speaker, who declaim'd
So like a God before the *Roman* Senate.
But tell me, has not laſt Night's Buſineſs rous'd him?
Miſtruſts he no Deſigns?

Did. None, none, my Prince!
I've lull'd him into rare Security;
And when he comes to anſwer to the Charge
Of purpos'd Parricide, he'll be amaz'd,
Confounded, dumb, and bear the Hue of Guilt.

Perſ. But, *Didas*, to your Charge; and if the Prey
Be hunted to your Hands, you know the reſt:
Remember fair *Olympias* is the Prize.

[*Exit* Didas.

Now thinks this Wretch, this vain ambitious Slave
To be the Partner of a Prince in Treaſon,
And live to be rewarded. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Audience-Room.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. The King not here — But to attend is mine;
And 'tis with Cheerfulneſs thoſe Looks I wait,
Thoſe Looks ſerene, which ever thro' my Soul
An awful Joy diffuſe.

Enter Perſes.

My honour'd Brother!
Your Meeting gives me unexpected Pleaſure.
I ask not why the King has call'd us hither,
'Tis fit I wait to know it from himſelf;
It is enough that your auſpicious Preſence
Beſpeaks th' Occaſion happy.

Perſ. Be aſſur'd,
The King has for no trifling Purpoſe ſent us
His Summons to attend.

Dem. For no ſuch Purpoſe
Were any of his Royal Moments meant.
But I too long omit, my Prince, to own
Your laſt Night's wiſe Precaution at your Banquet.
Perſ. Yes; I may owe my Life that Precaution.
Dem. If any there had thro' my Error met,
Who might have Anger ſlumb'ring in their Boſoms;
And if the dormant Fury, once awak'd,
Had furniſh'd their too eager Hands with Arms;
Leſt near your Life the Darts of Fate had flown,
I muſt have felt a thouſand Deaths in Fear.
This calls to my Remembrance all the Terror,
With which I once beheld you in the Fight
By Multitudes of ſhouting Foes o'erborn,
Exhauſted, faint; when thro' the dreadful Field,
Set thick with Darts, and forreſted with Spears,
I plung'd; and o'er You caſt my faithful Shield,
While with my Sword I ſtem'd the Tide of War.
'Till, ſoften'd at the Sight, the Foe gave way,
And ſent the Brother's Love the Brother's Life.
Perſ. My Reſcuer —— my Preſerver — racking Thought!
That makes him my Superior ſtill the more,
And ſtill the more I hate him. [*Aſide.*

Enter Philip *with Attendance.* Lyſimachus, Onomaſtus. [Philip *ſeated in his Chair of State*].

Phil. Come near, my good old Friends —— You once have known me,
While yet in Youth and in my Bloom of Life,
'Twixt warring Monarchs and contending States
The glorious Arbiter; a godlike Office,
And worthy the Imperial Crown I wore!
Then did no houſhold Jars, no home-bred Furies
Laſh round my Heart, exulting in its Glory.
Thoſe Honours of my younger Years to *Rome*,
To riſing *Rome* from my Decline transferr'd,

Now

Now in my grey old Age behold me ſit
Of theſe my own two Sons th' inglorious Judge;
My Son th' Accuſer, and my Son th' Accus'd,
Of Treaſon acted, or of Treaſon feign'd
Whether in Him, or Him, the Guilt is found,
The Guilty's wretched Father ſtill am I.
In vain I ſtrove by Precept, by Example,
In Duty, Love, or Dread to fix their Union;
Nor Duty holds, nor ſweet Agreement charms,
Nor Diſcord's formidable Warnings fright.
While yet I live, and theſe ſad Eyes behold it,
They rage againſt each other for my Kingdom,
In the curſt Av'rice of Dominion loſt.
Now, Sons, begin your horrid Din of Diſcord,
And ere you meet in Arms, war here in Words;
Fiction or Truth it matters nothing whether;
Diſgorge your blackeſt Hate, wound, freely wound
Your Father's Ears, and riot in my Torment.
Perſ. Am I then doom'd to ſhare the dread Diſplea-
Which to my Brother's Crimes alone is due? [ſure,
Your ſelf, O Father, bade me ſpeak my Sufferings,
I did; and was it impious to obey?
I told you, I was preſt beneath the Terror
Of threaten'd Murther; that my Brother furious
Laſt Night invaded me with all his Gueſts,
And had I given him Entrance, you had ſeen me
To-day a mangled Corſe, a Sight of Horror.
So only was I to have found your Pity?
So only to gave gain'd Belief? ——
But if in Silence to the naked Dagger
I muſt reſign this open, honeſt Breaſt,
I muſt reſign it; and implore th' Immortals
It reach not to a dearer than my own,
It reach not to my Father's. ——
In theſe mute Tears, permit me to deplore
The flagrant Crimes, the viſible Ambition,
Which to declare offends. ——
Phil. Declare the whole, I'll hear it all.

Perſ. While you look ſorrowing on the Pow'r of *Rome*,
And grieve your Provinces and Cities loſt;
Your Son, your alienated Son *Demetrius*
Smiles on her Glories, and enjoys her Greatneſs,
Loves as you hate, and triumphs as you mourn.
At Home he's ever hail'd Deliverer! Guardian!
And drinks Ambition from the Breath of Treaſon.
Thro' Streets uncrouded, and thro' ſilent Ways
Philip himſelf ſhall move; but his Protector
The great *Demetrius* once in view, the People
Forth-iſſuing ſtreightway ſtream at ev'ry Paſs,
And Acclamations burſt in Thunders round him.
When-e'er the Fates call hence my Royal Father
(Be far, be very far remote the Day!)
Within this Realm I have no Place, no Refuge,
Without it all is *Rome*'s; and where's my Safety?
O where, but in your own immediate Succour?
Quick let your interpoſing Hand ſuppreſs
Th' Invader of his Brother's Life and Birth-right,
And take the Injur'd to your Royal Care.

Phil. Your Anſwer, Son, to this Impeachment; ſpeak,
How do you vindicate your Innocence?

[*After a Pauſe.*

Perſ. He vindicates his Innocence, who has it,
And not the Criminal whom Guilt confounds:
Forgive him; He'll be leſs a Friend to *Rome*,
Be leſs a Foe to you

Dem. Hold, Brother, hold;
My Wrongs ask no ſuch Advocate ——
Oh! no, my honour'd Lord, 'tis not with Guilt,
But with Surprize and Horror I'm diſmay'd.
Tremendous Accuſation! ——
Not this my peaceful Innocence preſag'd;
'Twas with my wonted Joy I heard your Summons,
My wonted Joy your Royal Preſence ſought.
But is't not all Dream? Phantom? Sure I ſtill
Enjoy my Father's Grace! my Brother's Love!

Perſ. I can't love Parricide.

Dem.

Dem. Nor I commit it.
Perſ. You ruſh'd not on me at my Banquet?
Dem. No;
But I approach'd you there, and like a Brother.
Your Ends and Conduct, oh! how unfraternal!
Now only underſtood. —— And, O my Father,
If to conclude our ſolemn Feſtival
With ampler, with more expiatory Joys,
With cordial Love a Brother's Mirth to ſhare,
And join in common Rites our common Friends,
If this be criminal, then am I guilty;
And that for this I viſited my Brother,
Know all my good Companions, all can witneſs,
Know, and atteſt it they, the Gods we honour'd,
The Guardian Gods of *Macedon!* ——
But do I, Sir, to graſp my Brother's Birth-right,
Do I inſidious his Deſtruction form?
A needleſs Villany, if *Rome* ſupports me,
My Sway if *Macedon* already owns:
Is it the more to merit their Adherence,
I'd baſely murder whom I need not fear?
Perſ. See! he dares boaſt his Pow'r.
Dem. No; 'tis the Weakneſs
Of ſelf-confuted Fallacy I boaſt.
And have theſe Ears, O Father ever-lov'd,
O ever at my inmoſt Soul rever'd,
Heard me ſtyl'd Foe to You! ——
Ingenuous, I may own the *Roman* Virtues;
But to be loſt to *Rome*! the Thought is Horror.
No; not for all her Merit, all her Friendſhip,
Would I with the leſs liberal Enmity
Engage againſt her in my Father's Cauſe.
And for th' unruly Blaſt the popular Breath,
It is a Wind that blows without my Crime.
But yet have I to wail the deepeſt Woe,
Ev'n in the cruel Deſtiny of To-day,
That of beholding your paternal Anguiſh.
Oh! rend not, Sir, that ſacred Breaſt; if *Perſes*

Be found in Error, 'tis the human Lot,
Forgive him, he ſhall ſtill reſume the Brother.
But if to me pertain th' objected Guilt,
I ask no Pity, I can none deſerve,
Let no ſuch Monſter live—oh! either way
Blot out this dire Reproach, and either way
Reſtore to his Tranquility my Father.

Phil. Sons, I proceed not inſtantly to Judgment,
But will maturely weigh your Lives and Conduct.
Withdraw; and as your King and Father's Vengeance
You fear, (if yet you fear) return to Love.

[*Exe.* Perſes *and* Demetrius.

[*The King leaves the Chair and comes forward on the Stage.*]

Not thus, my Friends, we puſh our glorious Purpoſe,
Not thus we ſhake the Yoke of *Rome* away.

Onom. No; doubtleſs thus would angry Heav'n em-
Were Fate it ſelf Confederate with our Foes. [broil us,

Lyſ. 'Tis greatly to be mourn'd; but, O my Liege,
Afflict it not too much your Royal Heart;
Th' illuſtrious Youths ſhall ſtill be brought to Union,
And this Miſtake, for ſuch it is, muſt vaniſh. [leſs,

Phil. Of laſt Night's Crime I think *Demetrius* guilt-
For ſure he would not chuſe to fall on *Perſes*
Amidſt a Number of his Friends at Banquet;
His Friendſhip with the *Romans* looks ſuſpicious,
Of that I am not ſatisfy'd.

Lyſ. That Friendſhip,
We've heard him promiſe, never ſhall prevent him
To join with Vigor in his Father's Cauſe.

Phil. Not tho' he ſo admire the *Roman* Virtues?
Gods! That a Son of *Philip* cou'd pronounce
Such Words, as —— *Roman* Virtues!

Lyſ. So, my Liege,
He calls the Principles on which the *Romans*
Forbore to break their Peace with *Macedon.*

Phil. Yes, he indeed may call their Faith, a Virtue,
Which for Reſpect to Him they kept with me.
He may adore their Inſults on his Father,

From

From Me be alien'd, and in League with *Rome*.
But I for further Proofs my Judgment reſpite,
And ſhall mean-time obſerve, with ſtrict Attention,
How both my Sons my laſt Commands obey.

Lyſ. When you diſmiſs'd the Princes with declaring
You wou'd maturely trace their Lives and Conduct;
With ſecret Joy my inmoſt Soul acknowledg'd
How good the Father, and how wiſe the King!

Onom. Yon Pow'r you ſee how o'er your Realm it ho-
To reconcile the Heroes then, whoſe Valour [vers;
Shou'd in their King's and Country's Service join,
To reconcile them be the Royal Care.

Phil. And one of Them; ſhou'd he, ev'n with that
Conſpire againſt his Father! [Pow'r,

Lyſ. O my good Lord!

Phil. No more, my Friends, retire.

[*Exe.* Lyſimachus *and* Onomaſtus.

He looks with Piety —— but *Rome!* can ſhe
Love any one that has a Love for *Philip?*
I muſt explore him through and through-- Who waits?

Enter Officer.

Haſte, bid the Captain of our Guards attend me.

[*Exit Officer.*

Yes by ſagacious *Didas* I ſhall ſift him.
I was not worthy then! — with Him not Me
The Treaty was renew'd — 'Tis but the Shadow
Of Majeſty I wear — his meer Vice-gerent! ——
Take from me, Gods, Contempt; and then afflict me.

SCENE IV.

Philip, Didas.

Phil. Didas, I have Employ of higheſt Import
Which asks a Servant of the neareſt Truſt,
And I intend it for thy Charge.

Did. I live, Sir,
But to be faithful, and to do your Pleaſure.

Phil. Yes, *Didas*, Zeal and Honeſty like thine
Were meant for wiſeſt Monarchs to depend on.
Haſt thou not free Acceſs to young *Demetrius*?
Did. I have, my Lord,
Phil. Thou'rt gracious with him?
Did. Yes.
Phil. And in good Confidence?
Did. The noble Prince
Treats me with no Reſerve.
Phil. Then, *Didas*, know
I've ſome Suſpicion of him; I approve not
The Int'reſt which he holds with *Rome*, and gladly
Wou'd dive into the Bottom of their Secrets.
Now I wou'd have you try each artful Method
To wind your ſelf into his greater Favour,
And your own Wiſdom quickly will conduct you
To all the Machinations of his Soul. [Fate,
Did. My King's Commands, like the Decrees of
I muſt obey; though 'twould ev'n rive my Heart,
If haply I ſhould find the Prince engag'd
In ill Deſigns, to tell th' ungrateful Story:
But let me not offend by impious Pity,
And ſpare the Prince, to prejudice my King.
Phil. By that good Maxim move, and either fix
His Treaſon, or remove thy Maſter's Fears.
Thee I diſtinguiſh with my beſt Opinion,
Remember, and as I confide, Behave. [*Exit.*

Didas *ſolus.*

Fortune! 'tis done; the Work at laſt is thine.
But *Perſes* muſt be ſought —— then ripen Miſchief!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

SCENE *Changes.* *Enter* Perſes.

'Tis ſo —— a mighty Caſtle I beleaguer,
Aſſail on this ſide now, and now on that, On

On this, and that, on ev'ry ſide repuls'd;
He's all impregnable.

Enter Didas.

Did. My Prince ——
Perſ. Oh *Didas*,
Thou ſee'ſt me diſappointed, and undone.
Fir'd with the Rage of Love abus'd, the King
Spoke to *Demetrius* and my ſelf alike;
Told us our Actions ſhou'd his Judgment guide.
So am I ſtill to drag my wonted Torture,
And wither on beneath my Brother's Glories.
Did. Made Laſt-night's Story no Impreſſion on him?
Perſ. None.
Did. Not the Attempt of ſuch a Murder?
Perſ. None.
Did. Your Plea of *Rome* has reach'd his Soul?
Perſ. Nor that.
Did. Demetrius, ſurely he was all Confuſion?
Perſ. At firſt with down-caſt Eyes he hung his Head,
Shrunk like the Sun-flow'r in the rayleſs Night,
Made no Reply; I triumph'd in his Silence,
But by that Triumph too ſeverely preſt
He burſt —— in Eloquence ——
Did. And wou'd not *Philip* weigh your Accuſation
That his own Son is leagu'd with *Rome?*
Perſ. I tell thee,
He wou'd not, but with Sternneſs gave us Audience,
Diſmiſs'd us, with commanding us to love.
Did. It muſt have touch'd his Heart to be inform'd
Of ſuch Deſigns againſt his Crown?
Perſ. Thou ſtunn'ſt me,
No more; I muſt for ever live inglorious,
My Arts all baffled, and my Hopes all loſt.
Did. Then to thoſe Hopes, my Prince, I thus reſtore you.

Suſpicious

Suſpicious of your Brother's Aims, the King
Has order'd ——
Perſ. Order'd? whom? what? tell me quickly,
Did. Has order'd me ——
Perſ. Hah! to ſecure him?
Did. No;
But to explore his Practices with *Rome*,
(Such by your Arts the jealous Monarch dreams of)
To be a Spy, in Semblance of a Friend;
And juſt as well he might have ſet the Tyger
To tend th' unguarded Flocks.
Perſ. Oh *Didas!*
I'm ſhot from an Abyſs of low Deſpair
Aloft, like *Ætna*'s diſembowell'd Fires;
Or like a Bark upon a Winter-Ocean
Sent from the Oozy Bottom to the Skies.
His Fate is in thy Hand, improve th' Occaſion,
Puſh, void of Scruple, onward to thy Prize.
Let Virtue's Slaves, let ſqueamiſh Honour's Friends
By little narrow Rules purſue their Ends,
Not ſo; but unconfin'd by idle Force,
The Politician ſteers a nobler Courſe,
Where-e'er or Pow'r or Wealth their Charms diſ-
He ruſhes on, ſecure, and cannot ſtray, [play,
For any Paſſage thither is his Way.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Lyſimachus.

Ant. SO jealous is the King of young *Demetrius?*
Lyſ. He is, my Lord, and as you've ever tender'd
The Peace and Welfare of his Royal Houſe,
From whence you ſprung, which ſo much you adorn,
O reaſon with him in each milder Moment;
For You the god-like Office is reſerv'd
To calm his Mind, and ſet his Judgment right.
Ant. And ſo inveterate *Perſes!*—I've obſerv'd him
For ſome Time look obliquely at his Brother;
And ſhould the Gods permit this glorious Youth
To fall a Victim to his own bright Virtues,
What could we ſay? the Ways of Heav'n amaze us,
And far extend beyond the human Ken;
But ſure if we can e'er oblige th' Immortals,
'Tis when we bring to injur'd Virtue Aid.
Lyſ. I came to ſeek, Sir, in your well-known Goodneſs,
The gen'rous Advocate, the kind Reſtorer
Of Peace and Love; nor doubted you'd indulge
An old Man anxious for his Sovereign's Honour.
Ant. Do you and *Onomaſtus* ſtill employ
Your Efforts with the King; aſſur'd I ſtand
Your willing Partner in the worthy Labour.
But ſee the Princeſs is approaching tow'rds us!
Your Leave to pay her my Regards.

[*Ex.* Lyſimachus.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Antigonus, Olympias.

Ant. O Princeſs,
You riſe all-glorious to my raviſh'd Eyes,
And diſſipate the Gloom your Brothers' Diſcords
Caſt round my Heart, as yon bright God of Day
Diſpells our Vapours with his Morning Beams.
Olym. Still watchful of our Good, you hither haſte
To teach our Jars to ceaſe, and point out to us
The Happineſs we labour to defeat;
For this the kind *Antigonus* was born.
Ant. No, I am preſent, ever preſent with you,
Ever with You my doating Soul reſides,
Her Joy, her Ecſtaſie, her total Bliſs.
Still to be Queen of this devoted Boſom,
To be to Me the World's collected Glories,
For this was dear *Olympias* born.
Olym. Go, Prince,
Go, ſoften rocky *Perſes* with your Language,
Perſes whoſe Anger thirſts his Brother's Blood;
On him pour all th' Enchantment of that Tongue
Which ne'er yet ſpoke in vain.
Ant. And would! the Furies
Had ne'er had Pow'r to ſhape his ill-tim'd Anger
To wound our tender Love.
Olym. Forbid it Gods!
Ant. To hazard me a better, nobler Empire,
Than that he baſely ſcrambles for——
Olym. How means
My good *Antigonus?*
Ant. To raviſh from me
The Moments, dear, peculiar, precious Moments,
Which could alone inſure my Hopes, and give me
My Joy, my Life, my Honour; my *Olympias!*

Olym.

Olym. O whither do you bear my trembling Soul?
Ant. Loveliest! your trembling Soul! — forgive
Th' unwary Murmurs of a Love-sick Mind;
But sure my Fears are vain, for all your Wishes
Are Heav'n's own Care; your Faith, my Fair, is In-
And all the Gods approve it. [cense,
Olym. But remove
The various Anguish of my Doubts, and say
How this affects our Vows.
Ant. To-day I purpos'd
To make my Suit for You to Royal *Philip.*
Olymp. And what tho' this should happen unpropi-
You'll find another and a happier Day. [tious,
Ant. But this Day seems the Crisis of my Fate.
Sudden your Father summon'd up to Court
His two old Counsellors, *Lysimachus*
And *Onomastus*, to debate on Measures
To stem the Progress of the *Roman* Conquests;
And 'twill be soon concluded highly needful
To gain the neighbouring Kings to our Alliance,
And ———
Olym. O *Antigonus!* too plain my Terror
Anticipates your Reason.
Ant. If to Me
The King stood first engag'd for your Espousal,
No Int'rest of the State cou'd change his Promise.
But if he first determine to bestow you
In Marriage on some Foreign Prince; Oh! then —
Olym. Then were I lost indeed! — but say, you in-
Propose it to him? [stant
Ant. Propose it instant to him!
Should I embark upon the raging Ocean,
When loud it roars, and all its Looks are Death?
Give all my Treasure to the angry Whirlwind,
When most he hurls his rapid Rounds in Air?
No; but I'll try to smooth your Father's Temper,
And calm the Storm that rages in his Soul;
Attempt if haply I can reconcile him

Both

Both to himſelf and to his injur'd Son;
And if his ſettling Thoughts reſign their Tumult,
Then may I ask th' ineſtimable Favour,
And ſmile all Heav'n on that important Hour!
Mean-time, let no Deſpair, no boding Sorrow
Afflict this dear, this lovely faithful Breaſt:
The Gods are free, if we are loſt to Grief,
But if we truſt, they're charg'd with our Relief.

[*Exit* Antigonus.

Olympias *ſola.*

Go, and may each benevolent kindlier Pow'r
Who aids the Good in all their Toils for Peace,
Or makes true Love and faithful Vows his Care,
Propitious bear thee to the wiſh'd Events.

SCENE III.

Olympias, Iſteria.

Iſt. Olympias, ſure this is not *Macedon*,
For Honour fam'd, and ev'ry milder Art;
This is no Part of that ſuperior Country
That ſo contemns the vile barbarian World;
The Brother there ne'er ſeeks the Brother's Ruin,
'Tis all Humanity, and Peace, and Love!

Olym. Too juſtly, dear *Iſteria*, you upbraid us,
We boaſt the Virtues we neglect to uſe;
Deſpiſe all others, but like others practiſe,
And Fraud and Envy rage in every Realm.

Iſt. Such then is *Perſes?* Is he Such? And can he
Attempt, or wiſh his noble Brother's Death?
His Brother! No;—he's all his Earth-born Mother's,
Nor to divine *Demetrius* ought allied;
He's not of *Philip*'s Race, by Fame reported
To paſs thro' mighty Chiefs, and end in Gods.
Iſteria, go; thy all-enamour'd Boſom

To

To the dear, bloody Parricide reſign! [happy!
Go, blend thy Soul with his!——how bleſt! how
Thy Love, thy Joy, thy deſtin'd Husband This!
Princeſs, if e'er this *Perſes* dares approach me,
E'er wounds me more with his deteſted Vows,
I'll with Reproaches blaſt him——
Olym. Dear *Iſteria*,
Suppreſs your whole Reſentment, nor to *Perſes*
Object th' unnatural Crime; You may rekindle
The haply dying Embers of his Rage:
Beſides, the Quarrel's link'd to publick Matters,
Nor fit for Us to interfere in.
Iſt. Say you
For Us to interfere in! oh! how barbarous
This ſo polite, ſo cultivated South!
In Northern Climes and unaffected Countries,
Where Plainneſs laſts, and liberal Nature reigns,
Amongſt the Stateſmen ſage, and generous Warriors,
The ſprightly Fair-one mounts th' impatient Steed;
Scours in the gallant Troop o'er Lawns and Wood-Lands,
To chaſe the bounding Deer, or ruſtling Boar;
Shares their well-earn'd Repaſt, and, undiſtinguiſh'd,
Hears them diſcuſs the weighty Points of State;
Projects, it may be, ſome approv'd Incurſion,
Or where the next tranſplanted Town ſhall riſe.
Not interfere! I'll make him anſwer to it,
I'll rive his very Soul.
Olym. O poor *Demetrius*!
And ſhall thy own *Iſteria* urge thy Fate?
Iſt. I ſpeak of *Perſes*.
Olym. Well I know it, Princeſs,
But 'tis *Demetrius* you prepare to ruin.
Iſt. Loveliеſt of Men! ſhou'd I *Demetrius* ruin!
I would not hurt him for his Father's Empire.
Olym. Then hear me, dear *Iſteria*; ſhou'd you mention
To *Perſes* ought of this, 'twould make him jealous.

Iſt. What then?

Olym. And then, would he not tell the King
His Brother undermin'd him with his Miſtreſs?

Iſt. He might.

Olym. And could the King conclude he meant not
To undermine him in his Birth-right too?
Could he imagine an inferior Proſpect
Than that of being a Queen could guide your Choice?
This would gain Credit to the treach'rous *Perſes*,
And bring the loſt *Demetrius* to his Doom.
So were the Youth, whom Envy cou'd not vanquiſh,
Reſerv'd to periſh by *Iſteria*'s Love.

Iſt. Oh! no; dear Princeſs, no; I'm all, all Mildneſs,
I'm dumb, diſarm'd, I'm what you'd have me be.

Olym. We may be happy if this Storm blows over,
And that *Antigonus* makes all his Care;
But guard your Temper, ſee where *Perſes* comes!
Sooth him, he'll give up all his Rage to Love.

SCENE IV.

Iſteria, Olympias, Perſes.

Perſ. Madam, ſince you arriv'd in *Macedon*
Nor Glory nor Dominion keep their Charms,
In vain their now-unheeded Beauties tempt me,
I'm dead to all things but to You and Love.

Iſt. If Princes, Sir, forget what they are born for,
The Villain triumphs, and the Guiltleſs falls;
And ſure I wrong your Royal Father's Kingdom,
If too much I engroſs your glorious Cares.

Perſ. Th' Affairs of all Mankind might well give
To that Devotion your Perfections claim; [place
And Princes need not always be at Leiſure
To liſten to the petulant World's Complaints.

Iſt. Dare they e'er to the Gods be unattentive?

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n that ſummons, when the Injur'd cry.
Olym. But ſurely, Princeſs, all things have their
And ſometimes ev'n to vindicate the Injur'd [Seaſon;
May but increaſe their Wrong.
Iſt. 'Tis too much Honour
You do a Stranger, Sir, and you may laviſh
On very low Deſerts your high Regards. [ther
Perſ. I lov'd you in your Fame, ere yet your Bro-
Reſolv'd to let you grace my Father's Court;
But when I view'd you, I was loſt in Wonder,
And how imperfect did I find my Fancy
Had form'd the Image of your matchleſs Charms!
I ſee you, hear you, think of you with Rapture,
O when will you determine to accompliſh
Your Brother's Purpoſe, and pronounce my Bliſs?
Iſt. Ere I engage to give my ſelf in Wedlock,
I firſt muſt know, approve, admire — and love.
For the dear Man that gains my ſacred Promiſe
Has all my Heart, nor weds a lukewarm Bride.
Olym. But ſee *Demetrius!*
Perſ. Poyſon to my Eyes —— [*Aſide.*
Yes, Princeſs, ardent meet theſe eager Arms.
Now asks ſome Bus'neſs of the King my Preſence,
Which I'll diſpatch, and haſten to be happy.
[*Exit* Perſes.

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius *and* Herodorus.

Iſteria, Olympias, Demetrius, Herodorus.

Olym. Let me embrace my lov'd, my loving Brother,
By Nature dear, and dearer by his Wrongs,
I ſee you ſnatch'd from Malice, Fraud and Ruin;
O may they never, never threat you more.

Dem. Dearest and best of Sisters! —— O was *Perses*
Like you, how should we glad our Father's Heart,
Our Father's Heart now bleeding with our Discords.

Ist. Tho' like a Sister, Prince, I can't approach you;
I view your Safety with a Sister's Eyes.

Dem. Accept a Brother's Thanks, my noble Prin-
Already let me glory in that Name. [cess,
The Heir of *Macedon* no more has Anger,
When once divine *Isteria* sooths his Breast.

Ist. O no, good Prince, you must not be my Bro-
Be any — any thing besides —— [ther,
Gods! should I *Perses* love who hunts the guiltless,
Who hates his Brother, who wou'd wound *Demetrius*!

Dem. Forgive him, Madam, he might think me guilty;
He might behold me by the treach'rous Light
Of his own private Fears, or other's Falshoods.
Misguided Prince! I pity and forgive him.

Ist. That may *Demetrius*, but *Isteria* cannot.

Dem. In vain has he escap'd my Father's Anger;
In vain his injur'd Brother's Pardon finds,
If he is punish'd by *Isteria*'s Frowns.
O let not your Revenge pursue his Error,
The Good and Fair are readiest to forgive.

Ist. While thus you intercede for your Accuser,
Thus for your Foe your gen'rous Pains employ, ——
His Crimes grow blacker, and your Merits rise;
Love flies from Guilt ——

Olym. But now, my dear *Isteria*,
Let's be inform'd, if ought of good Success
Smile on the Patron of our Peace and Joys.

Ist. I follow — No, my Prince, if Love's a Blessing,
'Twas ne'er by Heav'n ordain'd th' Unworthy's Prize.

[*Exeunt* Olympias *and* Isteria.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Didas.

Demetrius, Herodorus, Didas.

Dem. What makes my Friend thus deep immers'd
in Thought?
Did. You, you, my Prince; you turn me all amaz'd
Into my ſelf — Are there above us Gods,
And ſhall ſuch Innocence as yours be injur'd?
Dem. Doubtleſs there are, and therefore I'm per-
The Innocent, tho' injur'd, can't be hurt. [ſuaded
Did. But I have wrong'd you, that demands this
Sorrow,
Theſe Tears -- and bends my ſuppliant Knee for Pardon.
Dem. Didas, forbear —— How have you done me
Wrong?
Did. Did you not, Prince, enquire of me the Reaſon
Why you were ſo repuls'd laſt Night by *Perſes*?
And I, did I not tell you ——
Dem. Such a Reaſon
As any honeſt Man might well have thought of.
Did. But now his Drift in that unworthy Treatment
Too flagrantly appears; and I, too credulous!
By that Reply, I fear, may have betray'd you
Into Security, when ſought by Danger.
That I ſhould harm ſuch Goodneſs!
Dem. See how rigid
Is Conſcience in the Man of Honour's Breaſt!
But what you anſwer'd, *Didas*, you believ'd?
Did. Is there ought ſacred? ——
Dem. Hold, you ſhall not ſwear,
I'm ſatisfy'd, and you are much too ſcrupulous;
For had you injur'd me by ſuch an Anſwer,
Y'had done me Harm, but with no Crime of yours.

Did. Surprizing Excellence! O may when-e'er
A Hand of mine attempts to do you Violence
The vengeful Sword paſs inſtant thro' this Boſom,
And ſend me head-long ——

Dem. 'Tis enough, my Friend.

Her. Wiſh rather, if you fail our Prince in Duty,
That ſome dire Miſchief quick o'ertake your Guilt;
If e'er you do him Violence, 'tis ſure.

Did. Would his devoted *Didas* could convey him
Beyond the Reach of Envy and Deſign;
Not with more Readineſs the tender Mother
Would ſnatch her ſucking Infant from the Flames.

Dem. I'm not ſolicitous for ſuch a Reſcue,
And where are Men from human Paſſions free?

Did. Where ſo ungrateful as in *Macedon?*
Rome can confeſs your Virtues, *Rome* can reverence
The Merits we unworthily arraign,
And may reſent your Wrongs.

Dem. Then She'll eſpouſe me
By far too much; I would not have her know
This Weakneſs of my Father's Royal Houſe,
And, ev'n at Home, wiſh it were quite forgot.

Did. But were you there, how freely would ſhe aid you,
How might you lead away her choiceſt Troops
T' aſſert your better Claim!

Dem. Hah! how is that?

Did. My noble Prince, if ardent in your Quarrels,
And heedleſs of my Way, I fondly bear you
In my too eager Wiſhes on to Triumph,
Forgive; and think how pow'rful that Devotion
Which nor the Awe of your conſummate Virtues,
Nor my own Honour can confine.

Dem. My Quarrels! *Didas*, has my Father any?
My Brother any juſt ones?—thoſe are mine.
And for your Wiſhes; know, in my Eſteem,
A guilty Triumph is the meaneſt Slavery.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Herodorus.

Didas

Didas ſolus.

The King in Conf'rence with *Antigonus!*
I'll ambuſh here — and may perhaps ſurprize
Some uſeful Notice, ſome momentous Secret.

SCENE VII.

Philip, Antigonus, Didas.

Phil. With Pleaſure, I muſt own, *Antigonus*,
The Virtues of our Anceſtors are yours;
Own you add Luſtre to our Royal Houſe,
And give it back the Honour of your Birth.
Such was the God-like Man whoſe Name you bear,
Your Uncle, and my once moſt worthy Guardian,
The great *Antigonus* —
And your own Merit join'd to his Remembrance,
Might make me pleas'd and proud to call you Son.
Did. Confuſion! is it ſo? [*Aſide.*
Phil. But while my Soul
Retains the Notion of this Youth's Defection,
While I'm yet doubtful whether in my Boſom
I hold not a Betrayer; I defer
To make an abſolute Promiſe of my Daughter,
That asks the Omen of ſome happier Seaſon. [pire
Did. 'Tis ſo, and if ſhe's loſt, my Hopes of Em-
All vaniſh with her, and I plot in vain. [*Aſide.*
Ant. I hop'd, my Lord, you were at length perſuaded
No Fraud with ſo much Excellence could dwell;
No School, not *Athens* ſelf defines more Virtues
Than that ſtupendous Youth in Life diſplays.
They're not his Crimes, but Merits that acquire him
Such foreign Honour, ſuch domeſtick Love;
And why, O why ſhou'd his great Father only
O'er-look the Graces all the World admire?
Nor think it inauſpicious now —

Did. My Liege— [*Coming forward.*
I fear I have intruded; but——
Phil. O *Didas*,
I've wanted you; and give me your Excuſe,
My worthy Kinſman; we ſhall ſoon again
This Conference reſume.
Ant. Thou'rt come, ill-fated!
Like adverſe Wind to drive me from my Harbour
Back on the raging Ocean of my Fears. [*Aſide.*
[*Exit* Antig.
Phil. *Antigonus* aſcribes to young *Demetrius*
Such Faith and Probity, as would perſuade me
He is not link'd in Meaſures with the *Romans*:
But then *Antigonus* is highly candid,
Believes Appearances, nor e'er examines
The thick-laid Varniſh of Diſguiſe. Say, *Didas*,
What's your Opinion? what have you diſcover'd?
Did. *Antigonus* ſays well; who bears the Aſpect
Of Truth and Probity like young *Demetrius?*
Phil. Who bears the Aſpect? Give me not the Trouble
To hunt your Meaning thro' ambiguous Phraſes;
I charge you to be ſingle and explicit.
Did. Then I muſt own, I think it meerly Aſpect.
He ſeems to bear th'Arraignment from his Brother
With ſo forgiving, ſo reſign'd a Temper,
But yet I find he harbours deep Reſentment.
Phil. 'Tis ſo then he obeys my late Commands!
Did. I put on the Appearance of a Friend
That mourn'd his Injuries, — So I call'd 'em.
Phil. Right. [brac'd me,
Did. He thank'd me for my kind Concern, em-
And ſaid he hop'd I'd ſtill eſpouſe his Quarrel.
Phil. Did he ſay Quarrel?
Did. Yes, his Word was Quarrel.
Phil. But then you led him to diſcourſe of *Rome?*
Did. I did, my Lord, and thus much I've diſcover'd,
He hopes that *Rome* will int'reſt in his Cauſe,
And

And wiſhes ardently he now was there.
Phil. Didas, I daily thence th' Arrival wait
Of *Philocles*, him I diſpatch'd to trace
The ſecret Movements of my Son, as well
As *Rome*'s Deſigns; and by comparing his
With your Diſcoveries, I ſhall draw ſuch Proofs
As may convince me whether he's engag'd
In any terms with *Rome*.
Did. D' you daily look
For *Philocles*, my Lord?
Phil. Each Day, each Hour.
Mean-time, try from *Demetrius* to extort
Th' Intents for which he wou'd be now at *Rome*.
Did. For that I'll try my utmoſt — But, my Liege,
What brought me ſo precipitate before you
Was a far different Matter to impart.
I hear *Bithynia*'s Monarch is preparing
A ſplendid Embaſſy, to ask in Marriage
Our beauteous Princeſs, and propoſe his Friendſhip.
Phil. 'Tis welcome News and opportune —
Did. I'm glad of any good Intelligence,
To ſet againſt the ſad ungrateful one
I'm forc'd to bring you of th' unhappy Prince,
Sore, ſore againſt my Nature.
Phil. Yes, good Man,
I ſee you hardly can refrain from Tears.
Think what I ſuffer, while contending Paſſions
Diſpute my Heart, and all my Soul is War.
[*Exit* Philip.

Didas ſolus.

Nobly atchiev'd! — then this of *Philocles* —
But Prince *Demetrius* comes; I'll ſhun his Sight,
Nor idly tempt that ſtubborn Virtue more.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Demetrius *and* Herodorus.

Dem. 'Tis your Opinion then, that *Perſes* ne'er
Can quit his Hate, and love his injur'd Brother.
Her. And that becauſe he injur'd You, each Sight,
Each Thought, each Mention of you ſtill upbraids him.
My Prince, you're viſibly *Iſteria*'s Choice,
And O neglect not ſo much generous Love;
You may be any thing to her — but Brother.
She can't forgive the Man that wrongs *Demetrius*;
In ſuch Expreſſions of the charming Princeſs
Gleams forth the Flame that's kindled in her Breaſt.
She's not engag'd to *Perſes*, and her Nuptials
With you, my Prince, would equally cement
Her Brother's Treaty with your Royal Houſe.
Perſes would then reſtrain his monſtrous Fury,
And tho' he'd violate his own, he durſt not
Invade a Brother of the dreadful *Gaul*.
Dem. You juſtly claim the ſacred Name of Friend,
Who ſquare your Counſels by the Rules of Honour:
Yet in my Soul, on that important Subject,
Dwells ſomething ſtill which combats my Reſolve.
Her. I'm truly anxious for your Safety, Prince,
And would for that leave nothing uneſſay'd
That Friendſhip can ſuggeſt, and Heav'n approves.
Dem. Yes, *Herodorus*, as good Heav'n approves
Let's ever act, howe'er our Labours end.
Well to ſucceed, my Friend, the Point will prove,
Not whether you obtain, but how you move.
Be always honeſt, and you cannot ſtray,
'Tis Virtue leads the ſure unerring Way;
The ſacred Guide have ever in your Eye,
And then, or riſe, or fall, or live, or die,
'Tis right; the Gods alone know how to bleſs,
What-e'er the good Man meets with is Succeſs. [*Exe.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perſes *and* Antigonus.

Perſ. *Antigonus*, your Reaſons ſtagger me;
That open Nature ſhould conceal no Fraud,
I may have been miſtaken.
Ant. Then reflect
How much your future Reign may ask your Brother.
See how yon little Realm of *Pergamus*
Extends its Limits by fraternal Love!
And you remember how the *Romans* conquer'd,
When *Scipio* for his Brother *Scipio* fought.
Perſ. His Arm and Counſel, true, might guard his Country.
Ant. But ſhould you caſt him on untimely Fate,
And ſhould (all which avert good Heav'n) your ſelf
Be one Day led to grace a *Roman* Triumph,
Or driven to wretched Exile; then too late
You'd mourn a Brother murther'd by your Crime.
O Prince, beware, I leave you to your Thoughts;
He's great in vain, who makes the Gods his Foes.
[*Exit* Antigonus.

Perſes *ſolus.*

It makes for my Deſigns; let him conclude
He has reform'd my Notions of my Brother.
The Gods my Foes — that ſounds at firſt tremendous!
But do we know there are ſuch vengeful Beings?
Unſeen, who ſee us! — hear, but are unheard!
Of Thought the Object, nor by Thought conceiv'd!

Dreams, Superſtition, Prieſtcraft, downright Prieſt-
A Captive led, or driven to Exile! — no; [craft.
Let Fools and Children tremble.

SCENE II.

Perſes, Didas.

Did. Prince, imagine
Some tortur'd Wretch, when thro' each trembling
He feels the burning Fever ſhoot its Fires, [Vein,
Thanking the Hand that ſerves the copious Draught,
Which, while it ſooths his Anguiſh, feeds his Flame.
So jealous *Philip* drinks in my Reports,
So I adminiſter, and ſo he burns.
Antigonus, alarm'd with what is paſt,
I find has been endeav'ring to affect him
With the Diſplay of his Son's Faith and Merits.
But thus the Monarch deſcants on his Labour;
Antigonus is candid, eaſy, credulous,
Ne'er ſees beyond Appearances: but, Prince,
Now ſo ſucceeds the mightier Advocate
That pleads within his Breaſt on your Behalf.

Perſ. Me too *Antigonus* harangu'd on Honour,
Love, Juſtice, and the Dread of anger'd Gods.

Did. Egregious! ſure He weigh'd down all your
So like a Politician he diſcours'd. [Purpoſe,

Perſ. But, all reſign'd to Piety and Virtue,
Idols of Fancy! this my zealot Brother
Wou'd ne'er affect the Rule my Birth-right claims.

Did. I fear this furious Man at laſt is falt'ring. [*Aſide.*

Perſ. And then could I ſuppreſs that Indignation
Which riſes in me, when I view the People
Pay ſuch Devotion to him ———

Did. Hell! he flags. —— [*Aſide.*

Perſ. Methinks I'd be content he ſtill ſhould live

Antigonus

Antigonus remonſtrates it may prove
My Int'reſt; and that Argument of Int'reſt
Weighs more than all his Vapour and Chimæra.
Tell me, may I not want him?

Did. Torment! Death!
What ſhall I anſwer? Curſe on my Confederate. [*Aſide.*
It may be not — but do you know, my Prince,
That *Philocles* has been employ'd to trace
Your Brother's Practices with *Rome*?

Perſ. I do;
For when *Demetrius* laſt from thence return'd,
With all the Honours of the new-gain'd Peace;
I ſtraight contriv'd to plant that grand Suſpicion
Which now, you ſay, o'er-tops my Father's Reaſon:
Then *Philocles* was ſecretly diſpatch'd
On that Commiſſion, nor diſpatch'd before
I partly had engag'd him.

Did. But you know not
That *Philip* daily looks for his Arrival,
That from comparing his Reports with mine,
He meditates to draw a perfect Judgment,
Which of his Sons conſpires againſt his Brother.

Perſ. And he'd at laſt impute my whole Behaviour
To my great Hate of *Rome*, which made me view,
Like him, all thoſe ſhe favours with Suſpicion
But now *Iſteria*'s all my Care; ſhe tells me
She waves her Promiſe, but at length to come
Into her Lover's Arms no lukewarm Bride.
O *Didas!*

Did. Now I have it — and how could I
Oe'r-look ſo long the needful dear Expedient? [*Aſide.*
Were her Words thoſe? full artful! full ambiguous!
Yes, let *Demetrius* live —

Perſ. Your Meaning, *Didas*,
Inſtant, be quick.

Did. I like not thoſe Delays,
Make ſure of her — and ask me nothing further.

Perſ.

Perſ. Not ask you! no, I'll ſeize your very Heart,
And wring it 'till it give up all the Truth:
Think not you deal with *Philip*.

Did. Prince, I fear'd
To fill you with Diſquiet; but the Court
Speaks loud of her Affection for *Demetrius*.

Perſ. O 'tis enough! —— I feel th' acknowledg'd Truth
Run thro' each Part of me, and as it runs
Shed Indignation, Anguiſh, and Rebuke.
And could I doubt, but for one ſingle Moment,
If He ſhou'd die, who living makes me —Nothing?
No, thus impell'd, I'll give a Looſe to Fury,
And ſpeed with rapid Courſe to Joys and Empire.
Without the Pomp of Pow'r or Sweets of Pleaſure,
To me 'tis Death, perpetual Death to live.

Did. But ſay, how ſhall I now proceed with *Philip?*

Perſ. Let's hence to my Apartment, there deliberate
We'll ſcheme the fatal Complot; firſt ſhall fall
Demetrius, then —— but let's away we'll fix it.
Then for the Fair, and for the Diadem.

Did. Then for the Fair and for the Diadem. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius *and* Iſteria.

Dem. My Princeſs, this unlook'd-for Meeting joys
But am I never to behold you more [me;
With the ſweet Pride that whiſper'd you my Siſter?
Can you for one falſe Step, one venial Treſpaſs,
Renounce the Man you lov'd?

Iſt. I lov'd not *Perſes*;
And hate but whom I always diſapprov'd.

Dem. Your Brother's Will, but that ſhou'd find Compliance.

Iſt.

Iſt. I'm held by no Reſtraint; no, Prince, I'm free,
Free to be led where nobleſt Virtue draws me,
And ſpeaks the Voice of Heav'n in my Diſpoſal.
Dem. Thoſe Charms were meant to ſoften Majeſty,
To ſmooth the rugged Brow of Pow'r and Juſtice,
And give Dominion Sweetneſs.
Iſt. But you've taught me
There's that which riſes far above Dominion,
And leaves beneath it all the Pride of Pow'r.
Dem. If not to covet Pow'r than Pow'r it ſelf
Be greater, that, fair Princeſs, might you learn
Of me; but could you be content to ſhare
Such lowly Height, ſuch humble Eminence?
Iſt. To ſhare your Eminence! O matchleſs Prince,
What mighty Graces can *Iſteria* boaſt
To ſhine with you ſo near th' Immortal Gods?
Dem. And what can they beſtow in Mind or Beauty
On their *Iſteria* more? What nobler Graces,
And let her ſtill be mortal? O my Princeſs,
While I beheld you my imagin'd Siſter,
As thro' a Cloud your radiant Charms I view'd;
But, that remov'd, they ſend forth all their Glories,
And ſhine and dwell on my unſhaded Soul.
If thus they flow'd thro' all my Brother's Boſom,
If what I feel he feels, I grieve his Fate. [*Perſes.*
Iſt. Yes, grieve, my Prince, th' unhappy Fate of
Who loſt the Heart your better Merit claims.
Surely without a Bluſh the chaſteſt Virgin
May own her Love for Virtue; and *Demetrius*
Is all what Virgins may profeſs to love.
Dem. O Words to raviſh more than human Ears!
O faireſt Work of Gods! what, what can utter
The Tranſports of the Soul by you approv'd?
Iſt. I had a thouſand tender things to ſay,
But Interruption quickly ends our Converſe,
Soon bids us part ——be't no ill Omen, Gods!
Dem. Farewell, thou heav'nly Maid. [*Ex.* Iſteria.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus.

Demetrius, Antigonus.

Ant. Your Looks, young Prince, beſpeak a Mind
To all Aſſaults, and in it ſelf at Peace. [ſuperior
How fixt and how ſerene is Innocence!
Dem. In that confirm'd the Soul defies all Malice,
And ſlights the little Impotence of Hate;
Smiles ev'n at Death it ſelf with all its Terrors,
Of Being and of Happineſs ſecure.
Ant. I wait your Royal Father here, and now
Aſſert your Duty, huſh his riſing Anger,
Gain on his good Opinion, and preclude
The Force of Falſhood, and the Dint of Wrong.
Dem. Guiltleſs, to deprecate my Father's Juſtice,
That were to give up Innocence a Crime;
Guilty, to captivate his good Opinion,
That were to do his equal Juſtice Wrong:
No, let him duly ſearch and weigh my Actions,
And whom he might not pardon he'll acquit.
Beſides, I'd ſooner dye than face his Anger,
Sure there's no Terror like a Father's Frowns;
My Duty known, I ſoon ſhall meet his Love,
His Love, the dear *Elyſium* of my Soul.
[*Ex.* Demetrius.

Antigonus ſolus.

Sure thou haſt too much Scruple, virtuous Youth!
Since to compoſe thy Father's Mind, to reſcue
Thy Judge from Error, were but wiſe and juſt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Philip, Antigonus.

Phil. *Antigonus*, I've weigh'd your laſt Requeſt,
To give my Daughter to your earneſt Suit
Th' ill-fated Times permit not; and *Olympias*
Muſt gain ſome Monarch to her Father's Aid.
Ant. What ſays my Royal Lord!—O Sir, reflect
Ere yet that cruel Purpoſe you eſtabliſh,
Reflect how once you bade me hope, once gave me
In part your ſacred Promiſe; and to rend me
From ſuch a Hope all blended with my Soul
Would be beyond ev'n Death it ſelf to wound.
Phil. Perſiſt not in your Suit; but elſewhere place
Your Love, and *Philip* for his Kinſman wooes.
Ant. Perſiſt not, Royal Sir, in your Refuſal;
If ought the great *Antigonus* deſerv'd,
Who bore you ſafe, beneath his juſt Tuition,
Thro' all the Hazards of your earlier Years;
Who to young *Philip* gave his Realms extended,
To thoſe gave *Philip* a conſummate Prince.
If ought my conſtant Zeal, my true Affection,
The faithful Labours of my Hands and Thoughts
Have pleaſur'd, or may pleaſure; and if e'er
Your noble Heart has own'd the Pow'r of Love,
Of Love, the Rival of the Heroe's Glory;
Deny not to my Vows the ſole Delight,
The one Ambition of my longing Soul.
Phil. *Antigonus*, ſuppreſs th' unwary Paſſion,
I'm fixt in my Reſolve; and here I ſwear,
To yon bright Sun I ſwear, whom now we ſee
Roul down his radiant Orb in Weſtern Skies,
To him and all the awful Pow'rs above,
Never to match my Daughter but with Him
Whoſe Head ſuſtains a Diadem. Let this
Conclude your Suit, and make my Purpoſe—— Fate.

[*Ex.* Philip.

Anti-

Antigonus *ſolus.*

I'm flung beyond all Sorrow —— Oh the Hope!
Oh the Deſpair of this one, various Day!
She ne'er then muſt be mine —— nor I my ſelf.
She comes, that's all my ſelf —— and all Another's!
O aid me, Gods, to hide my woful Story;
To view her grieve is all I've now to fear,
Is all the Ill that I can ſuffer more.

SCENE VI.

Antigonus, Olympias.

Olym. Why feel I, ah! why feel I thus my Blood
Run back, and over-charge my throbbing Heart?
Why breathe I all in Sighs? —— *Antigonus,*
I catch from your Diſtreſs this ſad Diſmay.
I ſee contending Cheerfulneſs and Sorrow
Mix in your Face, and tremble in your Eyes,
As Light and Darkneſs in the dubious Twilight:
Speak, does not *Philip* his Conſent refuſe?
O ſpeak, for half the Woe's already mine.

Ant. Alas! I've cauſe to mourn a fruitleſs Toil
For poor *Demetrius*; ſtill, as I remove
Your Father's old Suſpicions, new ones riſe.
This Jealouſy's a *Hydra*, is a Monſter
Which flouriſhes the more, the more we maim it.

Olym. Hard Fate! if Fortune hurts a virtuous Life,
Beneath her Stroke alike lies virtuous Love.

Ant. Alike; and we muſt be reſign'd, dear Princeſs,
Should the ſame Fortune intercept our Bliſs:
For what is Fortune? the myſterious Conduct
Of human Incidents in Hands Divine.

Olym. Nay then I ſee too plain my Fate deter-[min'd.
Has the King told you where I'm to be baniſh'd?
Whom I muſt ſue to for uncertain Love?

Has

Has he? My Nuptials are in *Philip*'s Pow'r,
But in my own, my Life.
Ant. Whate'er's th' Event,
Far from *Olympias* fly ſo dread a Thought;
Our Lives are given us by the Gods in Truſt,
And ſhou'd the faireſt Being they e'er made
Daſh back their Bounties, and diſdain to be?
Olym. But not a Word to mitigate my Torment!
Ant. Oh! what Relief has cold Deſpair to give!
[*Aſide.*
Your melancholy Apprehenſions, Princeſs,
You ſee, pour o'er me an unuſual Softneſs,
They melt my very Soul.
Olym. And oh! why will you
Permit my Fears to reign? Say, is there Hope?
The leaſt, *Antigonus*, were now a Triumph;
Say, have you had an abſolute Refuſal?
Ant. I ſaid I wou'd not hazard that Petition,
'Till I found *Philip* ſoftned into Temper.
Olym. Perhaps in Pity you forbear to tell me;
But know, *Antigonus*, I'd inſtant fly,
And lay me proſtrate at my Father's Feet,
Confeſs my Contract, and implore his Mercy,
Bid him behold the Virtues that engag'd me,
Behold them, and admire as well as I.
O tell me, for methinks I could obtain
What ev'n *Antigonus* has been deny'd,
Yes, I could ſnatch the King into Compliance,
I'd vow to give my Hand to none but You.
Ant. Dear Miracle of Conſtancy and Goodneſs!
You'd vow!—but what if *Philip* ſhou'd prevent you,
What if he firſt moſt ſolemnly ſhou'd ſwear
To give you only to the ſcepter'd Lover?
Olym. I'd tell him, ere he made me one Reply,
That I had vow'd to all the Pow'rs that judge us,
In ſacred Wedlock never to be joyn'd
But with *Antigonus:* And that I do,
Hear it, ye Gods! and hearing be propitious.

Ant. Vow againſt Vow! Heav'n! how will this determine? [*Aſide.*

Olym. I will addreſs the King.

Ant. Ah no! my fair one,
Let's leave to Time and to the Gods our Cauſe.

Olym. Said not you that To-day muſt ſpeak our Fate?
And fear you leſt the King at my Requeſt
Give Sanction to our Vows? Yes, yes, you fear it,
You love not, and have giv'n me up a Prey
To ſome ſlight End of State, an eaſy Prey.

Ant. Sorrow at laſt pours all her Malice on me,
If you, whoſe every Look and Word were fraught
With ever-healing Joys, can ſwell with Fury.
I've ſounded *Philip*, and too plainly learn'd
That now to urge him were to tempt our Ruin;
And the dire Views his jealous Rage preſents me
Sink all my Soul in Gloom.

Olym. Still, ſtill Reſerve!
Still am I mock'd, and bid to play with Shadows!
Is this your Faith? your Honour?——Credulous Woman!

Ant. Princeſs, proceed, compleat your Lover's Anguiſh,
And ſee me at your Feet, by Woes prepar'd
To end the Life your Pity ſcorns to ſave.

Olym. Riſe, riſe, *Antigonus*.

Ant. No; rail, accuſe,
Condemn, and call me luke-warm, baſe, perfidious;
Pour undeſerv'd Reproaches on my Heart,
And quench its vital Flame; perhaps my Death
May ſatisfy——

Olym. No more——I cannot bear it.
O Prince, forgive a Woman's Fears; again
I own your noble Truth——then inſtant haſte,
Devote each Moment to compoſe the King;
Away, and to your Conſtancy and Wiſdom
I give up all my Cares.

Ant. On that Condition
I haſte to *Philip*; but that gen'rous Breaſt

Why

Why e'er indulg'd it one ignoble Thought?
Olym. That Thought's no more; no, now my gather'd Reaſon
Gives back again my wrong'd *Antigonus*
All charming to my Wiſhes.
Ant. Matchleſs Princeſs!
What Raptures ſend you through my grateful Soul?
That I to you alone this Heart devote,
I've oft atteſted Heav'n, and now atteſt;
And ſhould the Gods our Union diſapprove,
Tho' ſtill reſign'd, I muſt for ever love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Iſteria.

Olympias, Iſteria.

Iſt. See me at length, my dear *Olympias*, ſee me
All Tranſport with the Love of dear *Demetrius!*
The charming Youth breathes all the wiſh'd-for Paſſion,
And ſhares the Ardor of *Iſteria*'s Breaſt.
Olym. Princeſs, I joy you on your happy Fortune;
But poor *Olympias* your Condolance asks.
Iſt. How!—has the King refus'd you, my *Olympias*,
To the warm Pray'r of ſo renown'd a Prince?
O why am I forbid by niggard Fortune
To join your pleaſing Triumphs to my own?
Why am I bleſt without you?
Olym. Gen'rous Maid!
How well deſerve you Bliſs that own ſuch Pity?
From ev'ry Harm be dear *Demetrius* ſafe,
Safe to enſure his own *Iſteria*'s Glory:
Let me nor e'er forget your kind Compaſſion,
Nor e'er return it.
Iſt. To behold you grieve,
To hear you ſigh the Fears ſo late my own,

My ſoften'd Soul reſumes the well-known Woe.
Olym. Why rather ſhare I not your good Succeſs,
And in your Happineſs forget my Grief?
While the good Pow'rs regard *Iſteria*'s Wiſhes,
Are they not to *Olympias* kind?
Iſt. O Princeſs!
Can you for me compoſe your reſtleſs Boſom,
And ſmile in Sufferings for *Iſteria*'s Sake?
In each ſublimer Grace, each nobler Virtue
A Siſter of *Demetrius* muſt excel.
Olym. Much more the lovely Miſtreſs of *Demetrius*,
Who all his Wonder claims — But *Perſes* comes!
You'll wave, but wave with Caution his Addreſs.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Iſteria, Perſes.

Perſ. May I not hope *Iſteria* doubts no more
To ſpeak the ſettled Purpoſe of her Heart,
Her ſettled Purpoſe in the Choice of *Perſes*?
Iſt. Some other Princeſs, Sir, wou'd better reliſh
The Pomp and Eminence of ſuch a Bride;
A lowlier State becomes my humble Spirit.
Perſ. Is my high Rank a Bar to my Pretenſion?
And ſtart you, Madam, at a proffer'd Crown?
Iſt. Allow me thus to err in Unambition,
And ne'er to look up at the Crown and you;
Ask me no more to ſhare with you ſuch Greatneſs,
And ſhine in Honours which I cannot taſte;
Ask me not, Prince, for you ſhall ne'er perſuade me.
You've there the ſettled Purpoſe of my Heart. [*Exit.*

Perſes *ſolus.*

She's gone, and I'm confirm'd — then for my Scheme!
She little thinks how ſoon I'll rage in Empire,
How ſoon I ſhall accoſt that ſtubborn Heart

With

With other Accents than the Whines of Love;
But ſee the King and *Didas*—it moves forwards!
Perdition ſeize me, if I thus continue
To gaze at Pow'r, and poorly ſue to Woman. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Philip, Didas.

Phil. You tell me, *Didas*, that my Son's impatient
To mingle with his darling Friends at *Rome*,
And waits their finding out ſome fair Pretext
To get him ſent from Me?

Did. Juſt ſo, my Liege.
From the whole Tenor of his Words I gather,
It was reſolv'd, when he was late at *Rome*,
That he ſhould lead their Troops to *Macedon*.
But then for other Wars, loud as they menac'd,
They ſtood not in Condition to invade us;
So made a Show of Friendſhip, and to him
The Merit of procuring it aſſign'd;
Engaging ſtill, that ſoon as they could furniſh
A proper Force againſt us, they'd contrive
That you ſhou'd be perſuaded to diſpatch him
To *Rome* a-new.

Phil. But trace you not the Terms,
Their execrable ſtipulated Terms?

Did. In general, that the Realm is to be conquer'd
For Him, and Tributary made to *Rome*.

Phil. Yes; it all ecchoes back my own Suſpicion.
Oh what a Youth is loſt to horrid Treaſon!
And, O ye Gods with whom! I cou'd forgive him
Did he with any other Foe conſpire.

Did. Now urge my Truth and undiſguis'd Relation
My Royal Maſter's Torment: Oh that e'er
Th' ungrateful Work was mine!

Phil. 'Twas my Opinion

Of thy Sincerity, and Zeal, and Prudence,
Firſt tempted me to chuſe thee for this Service.
Go, and inſtruct me ſtill how worthier far
The truſty Servant than the treacherous Son.
[*Exit* Didas.

Philip ſolus.

Antigonus again! He comes not ſure
T' inſult my Vow with his repeated Suit.

SCENE X.

Enter Antigonus.

Philip, Antigonus.

Ant. Since one thing, Sir, of late my deareſt Care,
Has found its Doom, and has no Name but Woe:
There's but one more for which I now ſurvive,
The Service of your lov'd Imperial Houſe.
And, if a Pray'r of mine may yet be heard,
O turn your Anger from your guiltleſs Son.

Phil. Antigonus, there's Reaſon for my Anger,
When I've Intelligence my Son's engag'd
In Meaſures with the *Romans*.

Ant. Righteous Pow'rs!
Whence let ye ſuch Intelligence ariſe,
Againſt the Son t'inflame th' indulgent Father?
Againſt the Son whom ye have made ſo virtuous?
My Lord, you'll pardon me, I'm all Amazement
To hear him thus ſuſpected, who prefers
The Sweets of Virtue to the Sway of Worlds.
Your Informations, may not they be falſe?
By ſome Conſpiracy againſt him forg'd?
Suſpect both Sides at leaſt, and give a Son
The Juſtice to a common Subject due.

Phil. My Thoughts of him I form not from the Tales,
Spontaneous

Spontaneous Tales of Sycophant Informers,
No; mine the Man of Honour authorizes,
To me alone devoted, and who ſpeaks
Th' ungrateful Truth with a reluctant Heart:
From ſuch I learn my virtuous Son expects
That I ſhall ſhortly, on ſome ſpecious Cauſe,
Be mov'd to ſend him once again to *Rome*;
That he may thence, purſuant to their Compact,
Conduct their Troops t'invade his poor old Father.

Ant. Dread Information! — then, my royal Lord,
Convinc'd by this authentick Teſtimony,
You have condemn'd the moſt conſummate Youth,
That, down to this Time from the great *Achilles*,
E'er grac'd your God-like Line.

Phil. I've not condemn'd him,
No; ere I fix my Judgment, I ſhall wait
More Evidences ſtill.

Ant. O ſtay for many;
And after many, ſtill deliberate long.
For what if you deſtroy the Innocent?
That Innocent — a Son? that Son — *Demetrius?*
View him, my Lord, your own great Image view,
And read the Innocence you will not hear.

Phil. I'd fain acquit the Youth that wears that Form.
He once was dear, beyond Expreſſion dear!
Now call you up the Father in me, now
Affection claims me, and my Fears give way;
Sure theſe or that ſhall one Day quite prevail,
And end the long Diſtraction of my Soul.
So, as in *Aſia*'s Vales *Mæander* glides,
And rolls thro' various Realms his winding Tides,
Th' indented Banks reflect a mutual Force,
And point alternate his ambiguous Courſe;
'Till one, at length, the total Sway obtain,
Preſcribe his laſt Direction o'er the Plain,
And lodge his weary Waters in the Main.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Perſes's *Apartment.*

Perſes, Didas *and* Philocles *in Cabal.*

Perſ. NOW, *Philocles*, your full Inſtructions known,
Go tell the well-form'd Story to the King,
Haſte; and, my Brother's Doom accompliſh'd, ſtreight
Let's meet again, that we may rouſe the People,
The giddy furious People to revenge
His Fate on *Philip*: Then may you, and you
With ample Claim divide your Maſter's Favour.
Did. Olympias once my own, the ſame Avengers
Shall to them both ſend Thee a Sacrifice. [*Aſide.*
Philoc. But, Prince, my only Fears are from this Letter;
The King muſt know the Hand of *Titus Quintius.*
They with each other have of old maintain'd
An Intercourſe of Buſineſs.
Perſ. Philocles,
I tell Thee once again, his Seal and Writing
[*Pointing to the Letter.*
Are counterfeited here with ſo much Art,
They'll e'en add Credit to thy whole Narration.

Enter Attendant.

Attend. Antigonus! my Lord. [*Ex. Attendant.*
Perſ. Hence, hence, away!
[*Ex.* Didas *and* Philocles.

SCENE II.

Enter Antigonus.

Perſes, Antigonus.

Ant. I interrupt you, Prince; for I perceive
You were in Conf'rence.
Perſ. Nothing, Sir, of moment;
My private Friends and I have been bemoaning
That *Philip* ſtill ſuſpects my Brother's Duty:
For my part, I'm concern'd I e'er admitted
One derogating Thought of ſo much Virtue.
Ant. O welcome Voice! accept theſe grateful Arms,
You're now your ſelf— [*Embracing him.*
To be convinc'd beſpeaks the noble Mind.
'Twas my impetuous Deſire for this
That forc'd me thus precipitate upon you;
And now you'll joyn to mediate for your Brother,
Let's to the King together.
Perſ. To my Father!
Now to him! no; he's now in deep Retirement,
I'll mediate ſoon and weary him to Kindneſs,
For oh! how could I bear it, ſhou'd my Brother
Guiltleſs beneath a haſty Judgment fall!
Ant. Prince, 'tis enough! I thank you from my [Soul.
This ſpeaks again the Joys of *Macedon*;
Hence ſhall the King reſign his ſore Diſquiet,
And turn his total Anger on our Foes;
Hence ſhall we gain Renown, and Pow'r, and Conqueſt,
And make new Kingdoms own your future Sway.
[*Ex.* Ant.

— SCENE

SCENE III.

SCENE *changes, and enter* Philip, Lyſimachus, *and* Onomaſtus.

Phil. Of late, my Friends, when *Rome* ſo proudly threatned,
With mighty Force to fall on *Macedon*,
Appear'd ſhe then to you in Pow'r ſufficient
To match in Act the ſwelling Threats ſhe utter'd?
Lyſ. I, for my part, muſt own I was aſtoniſh'd
She talk'd in ſuch proud Terms, that ſeem'd before
Engag'd on all Sides, and o'ercharg'd with Wars.
Phil. And ſo this Trophy to my Son's Renown,
This meritorious all-applauded Peace
Sprung from the meer Neceſſity of *Rome*,
Nor laſts, but 'till ſhe's well prepar'd to break it.
Onom. With ſo much Luſt of Empire dwells no Faith,
And *Rome* is all Mankind's eſtabliſh'd Foe,
She ſpoils by Principle, ſpares but by Need;
And let, my Liege, theſe juſt Reflections move you
To obviate in good Time her deep Deſigns:
Already is ſhe reſpited from ſome
Of the late num'rous Wars ſhe was involv'd in,
And ſoon may turn on you her reſtleſs Arms.
Phil. So far your Notions with my Fears agree.
But ſure there cannot, of a Royal Stem,
Live any one that is to *Rome* devoted!
To *Rome* that execrable Peſt to Monarchs!
To *Rome* that riſes but to caſt down Crowns,
And level Princes with her baſe Plebeians!

Enter Officer.

Officer. Without, my Lord, waits *Philocles* Admittance.
Phil. Philocles! bid him enter. [*Ex. Officer.*
And, my Friends,
Do you retire —— [*Ex.* Lyſim. *and* Onomaſtus.

Philip

Philip ſolus.

He's opportunely come —— he muſt reſolve me.
And now my Soul is all one gen'ral Uproar,
'Tis the laſt Struggle of my dying Doubts.

SCENE IV.

Philip, Philocles.

Philoc. My Royal Maſter, Hail! that thus in Safety
Theſe Eyes again behold you joys my Heart.

Phil. Good *Philocles*, you're welcome; when arriv'd you?

Philoc. This Moment, Royal Sir, this very Moment.

Phil. Your laſt Advices made me now expect you,
And much I long'd to know thoſe uſeful Secrets,
Which I aſſur'd my ſelf were trac'd at *Rome*
By your Fidelity, and Care, and Skill.

Philoc. There may have been, my Lord, thro' human Frailty
Some Errors in my Service, ſome Defects;
If ſuch there be, I hope they'll find your Pardon.
For my Fidelity I've none to ask.

Phil. I know you ſtrictly faithful; But begin
Your Narrative; ſay firſt, what have you learn'd
Relating to *Demetrius?*

Philoc. That alone,
Oh! That I wiſh my Truſt would let me hide.

Phil. Ah! So my Apprehenſions ſpoke ——

Philoc. But ere th' unpleaſing Story I relate,
Let me preſent you this.

Phil. From *Titus Quintius!*
I know full well the Hand and Signature.

[*Breaks open the Letter and reads.*

" *Titus Quintius Flamininus*
" To *Philip* King of *Macedon* ſends Health.

" The

" The Senate have receiv'd repeated Notice
" That you, as well by diverſe Diſpoſitions
" Within your Realm, as by your foreign Leagues,
" Your neighbouring States our good Allies alarm;
" In breach of Faith and high Contempt of *Rome*.
" And now they meditate Redreſs by Arms.
" 'Tis my Advice that forthwith you diſpatch
" Your Son *Demetrius* hither, for his Preſence
" Alone the angry Fathers can appeaſe.
" This Mark of my Regard accept —— Farewell.
So! plainly ſo! the dark infernal Treaſon
By wakeful Providence is dragg'd to light!
I ask you nothing more, now hide your Story,
Leave me, withdraw.

Philoc. I hope my gracious Maſter
Has tow'rds his faithful Slave no dread Diſpleaſure.

Phil. No, honeſt *Philocles*! my Son, my Son
Engroſſes all the Anger of my Soul;
I've none to ſpare from Him —— and thou, good Man!
Art one kind Inſtrument to reſcue me
From kneeling ſuppliant to him, while perhaps
He ſhook his *Roman* Javelin at my Breaſt.
But wait our further Audience, and let *Didas*
Have Notice to attend me inſtantly. [*Ex.* Philocles.

Philip ſolus.

Rome, ready now for War, his Preſence wants ——
Was ever Proof more pregnant? -- hence his Greatneſs,
Hence the Contempt of me — but timely Juſtice
Shall blaſt their Schemes and vindicate my Honour.
O Traytor! Parricide! O Hypocrite!

SCENE V.

Enter Didas.

Philip, Didas.

Phil. Come, *Didas*, come, receive thy Maſter's
Thy glorious Service taught me to unravel [Thanks.

The

The ſecret Movements of a dangerous Traytor.
Did. What Faith and Diligence cou'd do——
Phil. I find it.
Yes, *Didas*, I miſtook nor Thee nor Him;
One Service more, and fill thy Orb of Merit!
Go, bear *Demetrius* this — [*Gives him a Dagger.*
Tell him his King has ſent it, for the Father
Subſiſts no more; tell him his King requires —
Did. This Inſtant muſt it be perform'd?
Phil. This Inſtant —— [*Exit* Didas *abruptly.*
He's gone, and would not hear my Orders out;
But 'tis enough — he had not Pow'r to hear
The whole ſad Sentence; and I wiſh he proves not
Too tender to convey the dreadful Preſent.

SCENE VI.

Philip, Antigonus.

Ant. With Pleaſure, my good Lord, I bear the Tidings
That *Perſes* now no more ſuſpects his Brother;
That all his Soul for Peace and Union burns.
Phil. Not ſo obey'd that Brother my Commands,
To them my *Perſes* gives up all Reſentment.
Ant. No, 'tis on full Conviction he abſolves him;
And he even trembles leſt his guiltleſs Brother
Be haſtily condemn'd.
Phil. So honeſt *Perſes*
Quits his true Fear for falſe Security;
But he's my Care, and, as he juſtly merits,
Beneath his Father's Vigilance is ſafe. [him,
When-e'er he ſpoke his Dread, poor Man! I check'd
And ev'n this very Day, when forc'd by me
To utter all the Terrors of his Soul,
I frown'd as well on Him as on his Brother.
So then I judg'd it meet ——
But now I've deep Compaſſion on his Terror:

For

For your *Demetrius*—— innocent *Demetrius!*
Read that. [*Gives him the Letter.*
[Antigonus *reads it to himſelf.*
Ant. I grieve to ſee *Rome* thus reſolv'd on War.
Phil. What ſee you there that's to our preſent purpoſe?
Ant. Th' Importance of *Demetrius* to his Father,
That I can plainly ſee.
Phil. Read out thoſe Lines.
[Antigonus *reads.*
" 'Tis my Advice that forthwith you diſpatch
" Your Son *Demetrius* hither, for his Preſence
" Alone the angry Fathers can appeaſe.
Phil. Did not I tell you I was pre-advis'd
There was ſome ſpecious Reaſon to be form'd
To get him back to *Rome*? and for what End?
Ant. You did, my Lord——
Phil. Then yield to Demonſtration.
Ant. But this Advice looks frank, and may be honeſt.
Phil. No; 'tis the Artifice long pre-deſign'd
By *Rome* and by the Traytor you admire.
Ant. But let my Lord uſe Patience, Time unfolds
Dark Secrets, and makes everlaſting Truth
Break through the tranſitory Clouds of Error.
Phil. This is the Writing! this the Seal of *Quintius*!
[*Pointing to the Letter.*
The Letter hither brought me ſtreight from *Rome*,
And by an honeſt Man; by *Philocles!*
Ant. When came he Home from thence?
Phil. 'Tis not an Hour
Since he at this Metropolis arriv'd.
Ant. Sure it exceeds that Time, ſince I, methought,
Saw him as he was going off from *Perſes.*
Phil. How! ſo long, and going off from *Perſes!*
Ant. Yes, and accompany'd by *Didas.*
Phil. Didas!
Ye Pow'rs protect me! are you ſure of this?
Ant. Didas I plainly ſaw, and thought the other

Was

Was *Philocles*; they both at my Approach
Retir'd abrupt — But why's my Lord ſo mov'd?
Phil. What's this that breaks upon me?—Oh! I fear
I've been too haſty ———
Ant. Hah! my Lord!
Phil. Should all at laſt be Treachery! — O ſpeed
Speed, dear *Antigonus*, and let not *Didas*
Bear to my Son my fatal Meſſage.

[*Exit* Antigonus.

Philip ſolus.

What have I done? — why fear'd I none of this?
Have they not all conſpir'd againſt him? — Yet
He muſt be guilty; 'tis too plain — but ah!
Why had this reaſonable new-ſprung Doubt
No timelier Share in my judicial Thoughts?
Condemn'd unheard! — Oh! tho' he were all Guilt,
The Father's barbarous, the Judge unjuſt.
But where, where ſtay they? why is this Delay?
Where art thou, *Didas?* ſpare, O ſpare my Son!

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Antigonus *with* Xychus.

Philip, Antigonus, Xychus.

Phil. But ah! where's *Didas?* is *Demetrius* ſafe?
Ant. I met old faithful *Xychus*; He alas!
Brings Tydings, poor *Demetrius* — is no more.
Phil. How! is he dead?
Xych. He's dead indeed, my Lord,
The glorious Prince is dead.
Phil. Then with him died
The whole Tranquility of *Philip*'s Soul.
O why permitted ye the haſty Deed?
Why interpos'd ye not, ye Guardian Pow'rs?

How know you this? what have you ſeen? relate.

Xych. I firſt ſaw *Didas* bring the Prince a Dagger,
Which his offended King, he ſaid, had ſent him
With his Command by that forthwith to die.

Phil. He could ſupply th' imperfect Sentence then!
O tender-hearted *Didas!* —— [trembled,

Xych. The Prince, while the Beholders wept and
Look'd calm and ſmiling, but approaching *Didas*
To take the Dagger, ſudden ſtarted back,
Turn'd pale, and deeply ſighing cry'd, My Father!
O my poor Father! how ſhall he his Grief
Suſtain, when once he knows me innocent?
That Weapon cannot, but his Sorrows wound me.

Phil. Was this my Parricide!

Xych. And now, my Lord,
At *Didas'* Feet was *Herodorus* caſt,
Proſtrate, in Tears, imploring him to reſpite
But for a few ſhort Moments the dread Sentence,
And let Him try his Efforts to appeaſe
Th' offended Majeſty; The King, ſaid he,
Ev'n now may be relenting, now perhaps
May wiſh to give the World to ſave his Son,
Hold, *Didas*, hold!

Phil. Gods! why prevail'd he not?

Xych. But *Didas*, of the leaſt Delay impatient,
Ruſh'd ſudden on the unreſiſting Prince,
And with the Dagger piere'd his open Boſom.

Phil. O Villain! Villain!—Yes, thou didſt conſpire!
Now view I Truth and Miſery together. [down,

Xych. Wounded, the dying Prince then laid him
Compos'd he laid him down; and Guard, good Gods!
The King from Harm— were all the Words he utter'd.

Phil. This was my Hypocrite! but bid the Guards
Forthwith the Monſter *Didas* hither drag.

Xych. Didas no ſooner on the Prince had ruſh'd,
But, quick as Thought, the proſtrate *Herodorus*
Sprung up, and plunging in him deep his Sword,
Cry'd, Let th' avenging Gods the reſt repay.

Phil.

Phil. Then is he from my Vengeance ſnatch'd!
—but, ere
His Hell-born Soul flew from him, ſpoke he ought?
Xych. Yes, Sir, what turn'd the Standers-by to Horror;
And tho' the Royal Heir it greatly touch,
Yet that my Liege ſhou'd know it is expedient.
He firſt in Storms of Curſes burſt——
Then, foaming with moſt bitter Anguiſh, cry'd,
Was it for This I have with *Perſes* plotted?
For This deceiv'd the King? deſtroy'd the Guiltleſs?
And have I Thus for my Reward *Olympias?* [vens!
Ant. For his Reward *Olympias?* Righteous Hea-
Phil. Ay, thence *Bithynia*'s Embaſſy was feign'd;
Unheard Indignity!
Xych. Grimly he added,
Without me now let *Perſes* fire the People
On *Philip* to revenge his Brother's Wrongs.
Then, with moſt dreadful Shrieks expir'd—
Phil. O what a Hoard of Villanies and Treaſons
Was there laid open!——I've no more to mourn
A haſty unweigh'd Judgment, but alas!
The Murder of a guiltleſs, pious Son——
No; 'twas not *Didas'* Hand, 'twas mine that dealt
This execrable Blow——Oh! how unlike it
That Thou ſo nobly gav'ſt, brave *Herodorus!*
Live Thou to all the Honours thou'ſt deſerv'd.
Xych. Nor longer, Sir, lives *Herodorus*——He,
On *Didas* once reveng'd, the Dagger ſeiz'd,
Warm with the Blood of his lov'd Prince, and eager
Right aiming at his Heart, cry'd Stay, dear Prince,
O take me with you to your bleſt Repoſe,
Where Violence ne'er ſhall diſunite us more.
Phil. O generous faithful Youth! No, thy Survival
Had made my Woes leſs perfect——
But this myſterious Letter!—Call the Guards.

Enter Guards.

Seize *Philocles*, and bear him hither, Guards.
[*Ex. Guards.*
Antigonus, too late your Truths prevail,
And ſure you cannot view me but with Horror!
Ant. The ſad Event, and your ſevere Affliction
I view with all the Sorrow of my Soul,
I've been like you by Falſhood too deluded;
But O provide for your own Royal Safety,
Betimes th' intended Inſurrection ſtem;
Nor let the whole Conſpiracy ſucceed.

Re-enter Guards with Philocles.

Phil. So, bring him forward, Guards—and now in,
Secure and bear before me *Perſes* likewiſe, [ceſſant
Nor falter in your Charge—— [*Ex. Guards.*
For your Fidelity you ask no Pardon, [*To* Philocles.
Nor any for your Villany ſhall find.
Tell me, hadſt thou no Conference with *Perſes*
Since thy Arrival?
Philoc. None—— I'd none indeed
With any ſince, but with my gracious Maſter.
Phil. Nay, ev'n before I ſaw thee, hadſt thou none?
Philoc. Before—— you may remember, Sir, I told
When firſt I to your Royal Preſence enter'd, [you
I was arriv'd but that ſame Moment.
Phil. Yes;
And therefore I thy Treachery believe.
Saw'ſt thou not *Didas* ere thou cam'ſt to me?
Philoc. Impatient of your leaſt Suſpicion, ſee
Beneath your Feet, your humble Vaſſal bent!
O have me in your wonted Grace, regard
My Conſtant Service, and my long-try'd Faith:
Believe me, Gracious Sir, I ſaw not *Didas*,
Withſwift Confuſion ſtrike me elſe the Gods!
[Xychus *comes forward and kneels.*
Xych. And at your Feet behold another bent,

Who

Who pleads not Innocence but owns his Crime;
I've been by *Didas*, Sir, employ'd to watch
Without the Gates th' Approach of *Philocles*,
And Him arriv'd to *Didas* I conducted,
True to my Charge, and ignorant of Ill.
Phil. Thy Crime becomes a Merit; *Xychus*, riſe —
Where's now thy boaſted Faith, thou perjur'd Monſter? [*To* Philocles.
And O what Recompence can Vengeance draw
From thee, for the dear Blood thou mad'ſt me ſhed?
But tell me, how knew *Didas*, ere thou cam'ſt,
What *Titus Quintius* wrote?
Philoc. Spare but my Life,
And I'll diſcover all.
Phil. Come, tell me, tell me.
Philoc. That Letter was not wrote by *Quintius*
Phil. How!
Philoc. 'Twas forg'd at Home, 'twas given me here by *Perſes*,
And but to bear it You was all my Crime. [for!
Phil. And ſuch a one as thou can'ſt ne'er attone
If ſuch dire Frauds into the World are crept,
The Bounds of Right and Wrong ſubſiſt no more:
Men next will put on one another's Perſons,
And falſify the Work of Hands Divine!
——But where's this Prince of Villains? where is *Antigonus*, know why the Guards delay. [*Perſes?*
[*Ex.* Antigonus.
But thou curſt Slave, didſt thou not wiſh to hide
The Story of my Son, and hint his Guilt?
What Helliſh Fiends have ſhar'd my Heart and Counſels?
O Perfidy, dire Bane of ill-ſtar'd Monarchs!

Re-enter Antigonus *with Guards.*

Ant. The Guards have made due Search, and find that *Perſes*,
On hearing *Philocles* was ſeiz'd, is fled.

Phil. 'Tis well; his Flight preſcribes his proper Doom,
Be't the inferior Villain's Fate to die;
His, ſtill to Live ——
For this baſe Slave, Betrayer of his Truſt,
This Murtherer of his Maſter's Son; ſee, Guards,
See that on Him our Officers of Vengeance
Pour ev'ry Agony in the Stores of Death.

Philoc. O Mercy! Mercy!

Phil. Hence, away with him.

[*Guards drag out* Philocles, *and Exeunt all but* Philip *and* Antigonus.

Phil. Oh! how have I been loſt in fatal Darkneſs,
The Slave of Error, and the Tool of Fraud!
Perſes! thy Crimes nor Language can expreſs,
Nor Juſtice, feeble Human Juſtice equal;
Live —— but in Deſarts, Holes and Dungeons live,
Or be the Sport of Pride, and Gaze of Rabbles,
And always wiſh, and always fear to die.
What dire Enchantment reign'd o'er all my Reaſon!
Whom took I to my Breaſt? and whom rejected?
O Jealous! Curſt! ——

Ant. Refrain, good Sir, refrain;
Forgive your ſelf for *Macedonia*'s ſake.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Iſteria *dreſt in her own Country Faſhion, carrying a Bow and a Quiver.*

Philip, Antigonus, Iſteria.

Iſt. Hail! Monarch with unerring Counſels bleſt,
Hail! great Avenger of your Traitor Son;
Hail! happy Father of the glorious *Perſes*,
Perſes, fit Object of his Father's Care!
Far diſtant Lands and Ages yet remote

Shall

Shall ſpeak your Wiſdom, ſhall your Judgment praiſe,
Shall doubt which Son more juſtly merited
Or He the Diadem — or the Dagger —— He!

Ant. O ſpare, fair Princeſs, ſpare a Father's Anguiſh.

Iſt. And was it ſo that you beheld *Demetrius?*
Dear Youth —O how could I have lent you Eyes!
How ſhown the radiant Virtues — You were blind to!
Th' unſhaken Duty of the Breaſt —— You tore!
But where is *Perſes?* O why comes not *Perſes*
My deſtin'd Lover to my longing Sight?
This Bow theſe Arrows ſee —— late have I born 'em
To wound the petty Monſters of the Woods,
Thoſe I ſo oft have ſeen, amidſt their Kindred,
Sport harmleſs as the Lambs they make their Prey.
For no ſuch Monſters now my Bow I carry,
At no ſuch guiltleſs Game ſhall fly my Darts.
Iſteria! hence, hence to thy Brother's Squadrons,
Already glitt'ring on the *Thracian* Coaſts!
Go, tell 'em *Philip*'s dang'rous Foe is vanquiſh'd,
Tell 'em he asks no more their needleſs Aid!
Haſte, and inſtruct their Fury where to riot,
Weep, *Macedonians*, weep; but I — Revenge. [*Exit.*

Phil. 'Tis all my Due; and Thou too lov'dſt the Youth,
The glorious Youth whom his own Father murder'd!
Where ſhall I hide my Shame, my Guilt, my Sorrow?
Where from Himſelf ſhall wretched *Philip* fly? [*Ex.*

SCENE IX.

Antigonus, Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. We have to mourn then what we ſo much dreaded,
What all your gen'rous Labours could not ſtem:
If thus th' Immortals let the Guiltleſs ſuffer,
Sure an Hereafter muſt diſplay their Juſtice.

But

But how ſuſtains the King his ſore Affliction?

Ant. Think how th' *Ægean* Waves when hurl'd by Storms
Are daſh'd and ſcatter'd on a thouſand Rocks;
So flung and rent on endleſs ſad Reflections,
Of the leaſt Reſpite void, is *Philip*'s Soul.

Enter Olympias *behind.*

Lyſ. Preſerve him, bounteous Gods! and now, my Lord,
O would he, ſince no longer *Perſes* merits
To hold his Princely Rank and Right of Birth,
Declare you Heir to his Imperial Crown,
And give the beauteous Princeſs to your Arms.

Ant. 'Tis greatly wiſh'd --- but I affect not Empire.
For the fair Princeſs, would 'twas in his Pow'r
To give me Her! but he is bound by Vow
Never but on a Monarch to beſtow her;
And ſhould he ev'n appoint me to ſucceed him,
While *Philip* lives *Olympias* can't be mine.

Olym. To this ſad Time was that Diſcov'ry due! [*Appearing.*
Was't not enough my Brother's cruel Doom,
My Father's Griefs, and poor *Iſteria*'s Sufferings
At once pour'd on me, and o'er-charg'd my Soul?

Ant. Alas! why was it ſpoke? why ſnatch you thus
My own peculiar Torment? —— O my Princeſs,
Heav'n orders all things, and 'tis ours to bend!

Enter Onomaſtus.

Onom. Scarce have we fear'd the Ill, ere it o'er-took us,
O rueful Labour of impetuous Fate!
And now our King beneath Remorſe is tortur'd,
Turn'd on himſelf, againſt himſelf he rages,
And ſhakes the Life by which his Kingdom ſtands.
Where end our Terrors? where ſubſide our Woes?

Enter Xychus.

Xych. The King approaching, wills th' Attendance
Of Prince *Antigonus.* [here

Ant.

Ant. Let all attend; ——
Amidſt their Friends the Mournful loſe their Griefs.

Enter Philip, *wearing his Royal Diadem, attended by his Officers and Guards.*

Phil. I'd rather than my Realms devolv'd on *Perſes*,
They wore the Face of Monarchy no more;
Nor ſhall they be the Prey of impious Treaſon,
Th' undue Reward of Parricide and Fraud:
No; I pronounce that *Perſes*, Outlaw! Traytor!
And let him wander, luſt, and want, and Live.
--- Steal yet a Moment from thy Pangs, my Heart,
Yet for a Moment hold — [*Aſide.*
Antigonus, I have in you experienc'd
Heroic Honour, and conſummate Worth;
You all Mankind proclaim, and I acknowledge
Noble in each high Virtue, as in Blood;
You ſtrove my preſent mournful State to obviate,
And what you could not obviate kindly ſhare.
My Daughter, whom I to your Suit refus'd,
Shall now be yours.
Ant. Thus on my bended Knees
Let me the Royal Grace confeſs.
Phil. But firſt
Receive with This the *Macedonian* Empire.
[*Taking off his Diadem and ſetting it on the Head of* Antigonus, *while he is kneeling.*
Next, take my Daughter —— and declare the Gods
In Bleſſings on you both my Vow abſolv'd!
Olym. Immortal Pow'rs! [*Aſide.*
All. Long live ——
Ant. Forbear;
'Till Royal *Philip* condeſcend to hear
Of Conſolation, ev'ry Joy be huſh'd.
Phil. What more? what Juſtice more, dear injur'd Shade,
Can thy ſad Father pay thee? —— I've no Tears ---
I cannot weep —— my more eſſential Sorrow
Heaves

Heaves only at my Soul —— *Demetrius!* hah!
All pale and bloody! —— no, Deluſion, no;
He's to *Eliſium*'s happy Manſions fled,
There with his *Herodorus* to enjoy
Friendſhip, ſweet Friendſhip that ſhall never end!
—— Shall I from far his Bliſs behold? —— But hark!
He calls! and bids me fly the guilty Air
Which *Perſes* breaths —— How chang'd are all Things round me!
This is no more the World I liv'd in! —— where?
Where's my *Demetrius?* —— Him, Him I have murder'd,
I ſtabb'd him to the Heart —— ſee how he bleeds!
How Life ebbs from his Looks! —— and his pale Lips
Invoke the Gods for Me! —— See! ſee he faints! ——
He faints! —— He falls! —— He ——

[*Falls into his Chair and dies.*

Olym. My Father! Oh! ——

Ant. My Lord! My Royal Lord!
Alas! his mighty Soul has burſt her Priſon,
Impatient of the Pangs that rent his Heart;
He's dead — and oh th' Effect of ſtern Suſpicion!
By that betray'd the Royal Victim fell.
If once to Jealouſy the Soul's reſign'd,
If Prepoſſeſſion gain th' unwary Mind,
In vain prefers poor Innocence her Plea,
'Tis as our Paſſions dictate we decree:
Juſtice no more ſuſpends her equal Scale,
And Fraud and Faction over Truth prevail;
The Guiltleſs falls —— too late we then believe,
Too late repent, and too ſeverely grieve
The fatal Error we can ne'er retrieve.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *YOUNGER*.

'TIS mighty well! —— that anxious Pomp is o'er,
That ſtiff uneaſy Grandeur of an Hour!
Nor Queen nor Princeſs (thank my Stars!) am I;
Were you, O Ladys, were you but to try
What Pleaſure 'tis —— the laying Greatneſs by!
I vow, as far as I can judge of State,
They earn its Luſtre who endure its Weight.
Strange! from the ſerious Part I late put on
How ſudden the Tranſition to my own!
And happy reſt the Bards, who brought in Vogue
With Tragic Scenes the Comic Epilogue.
What! let our courteous Audience bear away,
In penſive Mood, th' Impreſſion of the Play! ——
No; that, be ſure, we're careful to deſtroy,
And cloſe each deep Cataſtrophe with Joy.
Think you we mean to make you wiſer grow?
Your Pardon! We're politer far than ſo;
Than to chagrin the Belle, or diſcompoſe the Beau.
This Houſe would be the emptieſt Place on Earth,
Did we not tagg our Tragedies with Mirth,
With arch Conceits to ſooth your Grief deviſe,
And dry your Tears — perhaps before they riſe.
Studious to pleaſe, we take it for a Rule,
You dearly love —— to ſee us play the Fool.

EPILOGUE.

But ſtill, Ye Gen'rous, howſoe'er we move,
'Tis Senſe, 'tis Nature all, what You approve;
You ſtate the Bounds to Joy and Sorrow due,
And every Paſſion takes it Laws from You;
That's Wit alone which your Attention draws,
And that true Judgment which has Your Applauſe.
Tho' Poëts blame, and clam'rous Criticks frown,
Your more prevailing Voices vote them down;
Abſolv'd by You, their vain Remarks we ſlight,
The Great and Fair are always in the Right.

FINIS.

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Si poſſis, rectè; ſi non, quocumque modo rem;
Ut propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupi:
An qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum & erectum præſens hortatur, & aptat? Hor.

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